This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

THE MANOR
FARM

600069852-

The Manor Farm

RIVINGTONS

London	... ...	*Waterloo Place*
Oxford	... ...	*High Street*
Cambridge	... ...	*Trinity Street*

THE MANOR FARM. *Frontispiece.*

KIVINGTONS
London, Oxford, and Cambridge
1860

The Manor Farm

A TALE

BY

M. C. PHILLPOTTS

AUTHOR OF "THE HILLFORD CONFIRMATION"

We have not wings, we cannot soar,
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time.

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

RIVINGTONS
London, Oxford, and Cambridge
1869

250. c. 214.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER I

PAGE

DREAMLAND 1

CHAPTER II

THE HAY-FIELD 13

CHAPTER III

FROM LIGHT TO SHADE 22

CHAPTER IV

THE CAGED SINGING-BIRD 29

CHAPTER V

LIFE'S DAILY BATTLE 38

CHAPTER VI

PAGE

THE PRICKING OF THE THORNS 45

CHAPTER VII

IN EVERYTHING GIVE THANKS . . . 52

CHAPTER VIII

OWLS' NESTS 60

CHAPTER IX

SUPERSTITION 70

CHAPTER X

PANIC-STRICKEN 79

CHAPTER XI

"TRUTH WILL OUT" 87

CHAPTER XII

UNDER THE CEDAR-TREE 95

CHAPTER XIII

PAGE
THE WHOLE ARMOUR OF GOD . . . 104

CHAPTER XIV

SEA BREEZES 113

CHAPTER XV

DAWNING LIGHT 122

CHAPTER XVI

"HOME, SWEET HOME" 128

CHAPTER I

DREAMLAND

"Not to thyself the task shall be
Without reward, for thou shalt learn
True beauty in utility."—LONGFELLOW

"IT is much too hot to go into the hay-field, Lucy," said Kate Harding to her little sister, as she sat in the darkest corner of the deep stone porch of the Manor House Farm.

"Indeed, it is not, Kate," said Lucy, a merry, bright-eyed little girl of nine years old. "It may be too hot for you to move, but it is not for me, I can tell you; it is always too hot, or too cold, or too dusty, or too something, for you to do anything I ask you; if I were you I would ask papa to let you have a glass case to live in, and then perhaps you would be happy and comfortable."

Kate was four years older than Lucy, and looked older still, as she was a tall, slim

girl, while Lucy was short and stumpy, with a fat, round, childish face, but yet their father often said Lucy was a much more useful and entertaining companion than Kate was.

The reason of this was that Kate thought the world was made for her own special use and enjoyment, and unless everything was exactly as she thought it ought to be, she was cross and ill-tempered, and so it generally happened that there was at least one bitter drop in the sweet cup of her life, which spread and became more bitter the more she thought about it. Lucy put on her large shady hat, and ran off through the garden to the hay-field, leaving Kate half envious of her.

"Why is it that Lucy is always so much happier than I am?" thought Kate. "Oh, that horrid bee, I do believe it comes buzzing here on purpose to plague me." Nothing of the kind, the bee was bent on sweetness, and that he certainly would not have found in Kate's sour and melancholy face. He was paying his attentions to the thick branches of starry white jessamine that stretched themselves over the brown porch, and peeped in to the little window at the side.

It was a lovely day, and even Kate felt angry with herself for being cross when all around looked so bright.

The Manor Farm was a wonderful place for odd nooks and corners, for curious gable ends, and for deep brown shadows. The blue sky was dotted here and there with bright clouds, the cheerful sound of voices from the hay-field mingled with the cool rippling murmur of the stream which dripped into a moss-grown tank in the yard. In fact, it was a real old-fashioned English summer day in the country, as different as possible from a hot day in London.

London was Kate and Lucy Harding's home. Their father kept a large grocer's shop in the city. Mrs Harding was dead, and their only brother was at sea in a merchant's ship. For a month or two every summer Mr Harding was glad enough to send his two girls to stay with his sister, Mrs Baker, and her husband, at the Manor Farm in Surrey, and whenever he could manage it he came down by train on Saturdays, and spent Sunday in the country. This was a delightful change for him after his hard work

in his shop in the city, and Mrs Baker used to say she never knew which was the happiest, her brother or his little Lucy, and she sometimes thought the father was younger than either of his children!

The house was very quiet that afternoon after Lucy had gone to the hay-field. Mrs Baker was busy in the dairy, where the cool stone shelves and thick walls made it a delightful retreat from the sun; Farmer Baker and his three sons were all at work in the hay-field, and even the servant maid was helping in the meadow. The large kitchen was deserted, only the measured ticking of the old-fashioned clock broke the stillness.

Kate had a book in her hand, but she was not reading; she was thinking. The story in her book was about a girl of her own age, who, by her courage and presence of mind, had saved her whole family from a most terrible death from fire. That was what she would like to do. She would like to have the opportunity of doing some great thing, but nothing great happened to her in her life; and while she was sitting still, waiting for some great event to make her a heroine, all sorts of

little tiresome things were constantly disturbing her. She told herself that there was nothing for her to do in the world; it was all very well for Lucy to help everybody, as she was so fond of doing, but Lucy was a child, and everybody spoilt her, so they liked to have her with them; but, as for herself, she did not feel herself called upon to trouble herself about the minor details of daily life, she would wait for some great event to happen, and then she would be a heroine, and the world would be forced to admire and praise her.

She forgot that the bravest soldier, in a victorious army, has to go through a long course of training in small things. Obedience at all costs and risks is the very essence of a soldier's life. She did not realise the fact that this implicit obedience implies entire submission of one's own will in small things as well as in great ones.

"I have done that which was my duty to do," is the natural answer a brave soldier might make when he is questioned as to his deeds; and this answer is one we can all try to be able honestly to give when questioned, as

we shall be one day, as to our work in the battle of daily life.

The temper which, for the sake of religion, of country, of duty, makes a great hero do noble deeds is the same temper which makes a little child sometimes the happiness and comfort of its father's house; it is something more than fearlessness, it is love for others.

Kate Harding did not understand this. She was willing, as she thought, to dare all things, and even to meet death without flinching, but she could not wear life away in slow persevering suffering. To do a golden deed the dross of self must be purged away, and the true metal of devotion and self-sacrifice must shine out clear and bright.

Kate loved to read of heroes and heroines, and, knowing this, her father had brought her, as a present, from London a delightful volume called "The Book of Golden Deeds." Kate was never tired of reading and dreaming over the stories contained in it, but there were parts of it which she always skipped as "dull," and one of these passages, if she had read it carefully, would have shown her how the deeds of purest gold may be wrought in quiet every-

day life. The writer of this book says, "Oh young readers, if your hearts burn within you, as you read of these various forms of the deepest and truest glory, and you long for time and place to act in the like devoted way, bethink yourselves that the alloy of such actions is to be constantly worked away in daily life, and that, if ever it be your lot to do a golden deed, it will probably be in unconsciousness that you are doing anything extraordinary, and that the whole impulse will consist in the having absolutely forgotten self."

Now Kate had not only never read this passage in her book, but she would not have understood it if she had. She was very likely to forget her neighbours, but I am afraid she was not at all likely to forget herself. In all the dreams of golden deeds in which she indulged, self was never for one moment forgotten. *She* was always the heroine, doing impossible deeds, and receiving impossible homage and adoration from all around.

The bee, having finished his researches amongst the starry jessamine blossoms, had flown off to a honey-suckle hard by, and now the stillness that reigned around was almost

as worrying, Kate felt, as the loudest clamour could have been.

It was certainly very dull there, she thought, it would be almost worth while to go to the hay-field to seek for amusement, but the sun was hot, and her cousins were rude, and altogether it was not to her taste, so she returned to her book, and read for a short time quietly. She had not got through many pages before she heard the click of the garden gate, and, looking up, she saw Miss Elwyn, the vicar's sister, coming up the path.

Now Miss Elwyn was not at all young, and not at all pretty. She dressed plainly, and was, as Kate considered, decidedly uninteresting looking. Mr Elwyn, her brother, had not been vicar of the parish very long, but he was already much beloved by his parishioners, and the steady influence for good which he tried to spread was making itself very generally felt. Kate rose from her seat as Miss Elwyn came up the path, and was hurrying off to the dairy to tell her aunt, when Miss Elwyn stopped her.

"How do you do, my dear? Mrs Baker's niece, I suppose?" said she, "don't run away,

I do not want to disturb any one, but only to finish the sketch I had begun from the shelter of the porch. Your aunt has given me permission to sit here; I saw her just now as I came round by the back of the house."

Kate was rather frightened at the idea of being left alone with this unknown lady, but something in Miss Elwyn's face and smile reassured her, and she was very soon quite at her ease. The sketch was of course the chief topic of conversation at first.

Kate had seen many drawings in the shop-windows in London, but she had never before seen any one actually engaged in painting, so her interest was very great.

Miss Elwyn drew well, and had a real love for her art. It was positive happiness to her to see the blue sky flecked with soft white clouds, and the deep shadows creeping gradually over the dark brown roof of the Manor farm, while behind stood the gray spire of the parish church, pointing upwards to heaven.

"But how is it you are not in the hay-field with the others?" said she at last to Kate.

"It was so hot when Lucy went, I did not care to go," said Kate.

"It was hot certainly an hour ago," said Miss Elwyn, "and I must say you have found a delightful seat in this charming old porch; what a pleasure the country must be to you after a town life. I am sure you must feel wonderfully happy here, though, after all, there is nothing like home, and I daresay the pleasure of being with your father, and making his home bright and cheerful, must be very great."

Kate hardly knew what to say in answer to this remark. She did not feel particularly happy in the country, and it was quite a new idea to her that it could possibly add to her happiness to contribute to that of those around her.

Miss Elwyn, with the quick eye for the troubles of others, that a thoroughly unselfish person generally has, saw that something was amiss, so to change the subject she told Kate she might look through her portfolio of sketches if she liked. This was a permission of which Kate gladly availed herself, and she opened it eagerly. First, there were some scenes in England, home-like bits, such as the view before them, then sea views, with sparkling waves and bold rocky coasts; then came

THE MANOR FARM. *Page* 10.

some with more vivid colouring, telling of a different climate and country. Some of these had brightly dressed Turks and Arabs in the foregrounds.

"What country is this?" said Kate, as she took up the first of these. "I am sure it is not England."

"No," said Miss Elwyn, "those are little bits of the Crimea, very small and slight, but, such as they are, they serve to remind me of the scenes I have seen there."

"Have you been there lately?" said Kate.

"No, it is some years since my brother and I were there," said Miss Elwyn.

"Since the war, I suppose?" said Kate.

"The war was at an end when we left," said Miss Elwyn; then, turning over the drawings, she began explaining them to Kate.

"I do like to hear about foreign countries," said Kate, "and particularly about wars, and brave deeds done in them, as I have read of in books. I should so much like to have been a man, and then I would have been a soldier, and have done great things; but, after all, what can a woman do, except Joan of Arc, and one or two like her?"

Miss Elwyn did not speak for a moment, but looked at Kate in a manner half-pitying, half-amused. "And so this is a little unfledged heroine," she said at last; "tell me, my dear, what particular kind of heroism you mean to educate yourself for?"

"Oh, I shall never have a chance of doing anything worthy of being called heroism," said Kate, half-blushing at her own impetuosity. "Ordinary life—such life as ours for instance—seems to me so dull and stupid, as if it was hardly worth living after all."

"You are rather young to think so," said Miss Elwyn, (and very silly, too, she might have added, only she did not wish to frighten Kate.) "I feel sure when you are a few years older you will not think so; but just look how beautifully the sun shines on the plumage of that white pigeon on the roof; how kind of him to perch himself exactly where I want a gleam of light in my picture!"

Miss Elwyn took to her drawing again, and few more words were spoken till Mrs Baker came into the porch with a glass of currant wine, which she insisted on seeing Miss Elwyn drink before she left.

CHAPTER II

THE HAY-FIELD

"Some happy souls there are that wear their nature lightly:
these rejoice
The world by giving, and receive from all men more than
what they give.
One handful of their buoyant chaff
Exceeds our hoards of careful grain,
Because their love breaks through their laugh,
While ours is fraught with tender pain;
The world that knows itself too sad
Is proud to keep some faces glad."

—OWEN MEREDITH

KATE HARDING lost something by not going to the hay-field that afternoon. Never was there a happier, prettier sight than that large party of young and old, tossing, raking, and heaping together the sweet-scented hay in that large meadow.

Lucy thoroughly enjoyed herself. Her conscience had pricked her slightly for her

sharp words to her elder sister, and she could not help wishing that her father and sister were there to enjoy the fun with her; but it was real fun, and Lucy was one of those happy beings who always make the most of every delightful thing as it comes, and remember it with pleasure afterwards, so the slight shade passed away from her countenance as her uncle caught sight of her, and called to her to help in making the hay. At it she went with a will, working as hard as her little arms would allow her, her face becoming hotter and redder every moment from the exertion.

As Farmer Baker was anxious to make hay while the sun shone, he had secured the services of a number of extra hands for the occasion; amongst others, an Irishman, who had been a soldier, who was on the tramp to London to see his friends, and took a job on the way to "beguile the time," as he said.

He was so good-natured to Lucy, and amused her so much with his remarks, that she kept by him a great deal as he raked the hay in long low ridges, ready for the next person to pile it into cocks.

Martin Bourke was fond of children, so he

was delighted to find that Lucy liked his company, and exerted himself to please her.

"See there, little missy," he exclaimed; "see that lark rising from the field, depend upon it there is a nest there; let us go and see, for fear the poor creatures should get raked away."

"But it is too late for nests, is it not, Martin?" said Lucy.

"Too late for the first brood, missy; but they mostly have a second in the year. The first comes may-be in April, and the second in June. They either scrape a hole in the ground, or choose a furrow for their nests, to save themselves trouble, but come quietly with me, and we will see if there is a nest."

Very quietly Lucy and her new friend crept up to the place whence they had watched the lark rise, and there sure enough, half hidden underneath the hay, was the nest, and in it Lucy saw, to her great delight, four little heads with open beaks waiting to be fed.

"Oh, Martin!" whispered Lucy, "do tell me what they would like to eat; I am sure they are hungry."

"I fancy seeds is their chief diet when they

is young, miss," said Martin; "plantain is always sent on purpose with the hay for them."

"On purpose for them! Martin, what do you mean?" said Lucy.

"Shure, then, miss, does not the Almighty send corn and potatoes for us, and why should you think He does not think just as much about food for His little creatures as for His big ones?"

This was a new thought to Lucy; and as she collected some plantain seeds from around the nest, and put them into the little beaks open to receive them, she thought how nice it was to feel that One Great Being should take care of so many, and that even a sparrow does not fall to the ground without His knowing and caring for it.

Meanwhile, far above their heads the lark they had seen rise was hovering in the clear blue air, and singing at "heaven's gate;" and as Mr Elwyn passed through the field and heard the "blithe spirit" warbling, he thought of the simile of Jeremy Taylor, who said that the lark soared and sung as if it had learned music and motion of an angel.

"Come here, Alfred," said Lucy, "and see what we have found."

Alfred Baker was Lucy's youngest cousin, a boy of about sixteen years old. He was Lucy's great companion at the Manor Farm, as he was very good-natured, and always ready to help her in her discoveries. Indeed, he felt himself in duty bound to prevent his little cousin from becoming "Cockneyfied," as he expressed it. As for Kate, it was of no use to speak to her; she never took any interest in anything, but Lucy was different. She had plenty of spirit and fun, and at the same time she used her eyes. He came at once when she called him, and together, with great interest and caution, they examined the lark's nest.

"Would you like me to take one of the young birds and put it in a cage for you to take back to London, Lucy?" said Alfred.

Lucy's eyes sparkled at the idea, but looking at Martin Bourke's face, she became thoughtful in a moment. "No, thank you, Alfred," she replied, "I think when the mother has taken such care of them, that it would be a shame to take one of her children from her; besides, the little things must be much hap-

pier here than they would be, shut up in a cage in London."

"True for you, little missy," said Martin, "leave the poor things their liberty, and they will pay you with their songs."

"Very well, Lucy," said Alfred, "we will leave your treasures in safety, but I think the mother has made her nest in a very unsafe place, as it might easily be trodden on."

"Trust her for that," said Martin, "these little creatures know too well how to look after their little ones. Just see how deep this furrow is in which the nest is, and if any danger was near, she would soon fly back, and look after the little things. I have seen larks take up their eggs in their claws, and carry them off to a safer place, and I daresay she would manage, in some way, to remove these little birds if necessary."

"We will come and see them every day, Lucy," said Alfred, "and feed them up well. We shall have quite a nursery to attend to, and I know where I can get some ants' eggs, as they are sure to like them, and they say there is nothing like them to make birds sing."

It was very pleasant to see Lucy's bright face, as she flitted about from one to another of her numerous friends in the hay-field, to tell them the important news of the discovery of the lark's nest, and to beg each and all of them to be most particularly careful not to injure her new treasures. From her uncle to the poorest day-labourer, all seemed glad to humour the merry little maiden in her request, and it was really as if she carried a ray of sunshine with her wherever she went, as she never failed to call up a smile on even the sourest face. It was strange that with all her brightness, that was felt so immediately by strangers, that Kate should have been so little influenced by it. To her, Lucy's perpetual merriment and never-failing spirits were rather trying, as when she felt melancholy and out of sorts, it was decidedly provoking to see Lucy's merry face, and to hear her never-ending flow of light-hearted chatter. The supper-party that night at the farm was a very lively one. Every one who had been working in the hay, though very tired, felt the influence of the fresh air and sunshine, and the farmer's satisfaction at the glorious weather and good

crop was most unmistakably expressed by his beaming countenance. Tom and Harry, the two elder boys, were fine intelligent youths, as tall as their father, and nearly as broad, and with appetites in proportion to their size.

Kate looked with astonishment at the way in which whole platefuls of meat and vegetables disappeared before they seemed to think of bringing their supper to an end.

Lucy sat by her uncle, as she always did, and amused him very much by her lively remarks, till at last, overcome with sleepiness, she was led off to bed by her aunt.

Mrs Baker had once had a little daughter, but she had only lived to be baptized, and then the little frail blossom, which had come when the snow lay thick around, had faded and passed away with the snow-flakes, as pure and as fragile as they were.

Active, motherly woman as she was, and proud as she always felt of her three tall sons, yet the remembrance of that little winter flower had never faded from her mind, and often the warm, soft little fingers seemed to cling to the mother's heart. In all her love for her husband and her boys, the thought of

that little one gone before, and now with the Holy Innocents, was never absent from her. However, that was her own secret, hidden deep in her heart. Outwardly, she seemed a woman whose whole life was taken up in her love for her husband and boys, but there were times when even Farmer Baker (not an observing man generally) knew the meaning of a sudden short sigh she sometimes could not restrain, as she looked at Lucy's bright curling hair and merry face.

That dead baby was the first link of the golden chain which was gradually drawing her thoughts from earth to heaven.

CHAPTER III

FROM LIGHT TO SHADE

"Stern self-mastery, tearful prayer,
Must the way of bliss prepare.
How should else earth's flowerets prove
Meet for those pure crowns above?"

SATURDAY came, and with it Kate and Lucy's father. Released from his hot dusty shop for a few hours, he entered into all the spirit and fun of the hay-making with the delight of a boy.

He tossed Lucy on to a hay-cock, pelted her with hay, and even persuaded Kate to lay aside her book and come into the field, where, it must be confessed, she felt rather out of her element.

The last field was cut, and the hay was drying beautifully, and on Monday Farmer Baker meant to begin carrying.

Lucy took great pride in her lark's nest,

and showed it to her father as soon as he arrived.

Harding had been brought up in the country as a boy, and all its sights and sounds came now to him much as an old familiar song we loved in our youth thrills us with pleasure when we suddenly hear it again after many years.

All the family at the Manor Farm were astir early on Sunday, as there were so many things to be attended to before church time.

Farmer Baker was very constant in his attendance at church; indeed he was the "parson's man," as the villagers called him, or the vicar's churchwarden.

The farmer and his wife always were amongst the first people to enter the church. As the farmer often said, he did not like to be hurried, or to leave it to the last moment before starting, as many people do, thereby disturbing the congregation by coming in late, and losing the first part of the service.

Tom, Harry, and Alfred were all fond of singing, so Mr Elwyn had persuaded them to join the choir he and his sister had lately formed.

What with the two services and an evening walk, the happy Sunday hours fled by only too quickly, and Monday morning came, when Harding was obliged to return to London by the first train.

"Leave the children with us a little longer, brother," said Mrs Baker, "we like to have them with us, and Kate looks better already; and as for Lucy, she is such a little singing-bird, her uncle and I shall feel quite moped when she leaves us."

"Thank you, Polly," said Harding; "it is very good of you and the farmer to give my girls such a treat, and I think taking them back to town again will seem like putting one of Lucy's little pet larks into a cage. Still, my house feels very dull and lonesome without them."

"I know it does," said his sister, "and we will not be selfish and keep them long; but another fortnight will hurt none of us, so you must not think of carrying them off before then."

"Another fortnight, then, sister, I will leave them under your kind care, and I thank you for your goodness to them; and now I must be

off, or I shall not be in town in time to open my shutters at the usual hour."

He kissed his children, and went off rapidly to the station to catch the train. Little did he think, as Lucy ran gaily down the path after him with some last words, what a change a few short hours were to make in his life and in hers.

His little singing bird was soon to be caged indeed!

The sun still shone brightly, the hay was dry, and everything seemed to promise a happy ending to the proceedings.

The large waggons, drawn by teams of handsome horses, were taken to the meadows, and the business commenced.

By dinner-time the rick in the yard was already a respectable size, and all hands set to work again as soon as the noontide meal was over.

Martin Bourke distinguished himself by the quick and active manner in which he loaded the hay waggons; and Lucy at last obtained her uncle's permission to mount to the top of a high load, and to be driven into the yard.

There is an old saying, that a pitcher may

go many times safely to the well, and yet be broken at last; and this proved to be the case with Lucy.

Several drives backwards and forwards she had, first on the top of a high load, and then in the depths of the empty waggon; but at last, as Harry was driving the empty cart back at a sharp trot to the field, one of the horses suddenly took fright at the sight of a man by the wayside, and setting off at full speed down the lane, soon got completely beyond the control of the young driver. The lane was narrow, and the turning out of it very sharp.

"Sit still, Lucy, whatever you do, sit still," shouted Harry to his terrified little cousin

Everything swam before Lucy's eyes, the trees in the hedge-row appeared to be rushing one after the other; and yet, in spite of this giddy whirling feeling, she was perfectly conscious of all that was passing. She knew that an accident must happen, and she was able to ask God to preserve her; and yet, at the same time, her senses were so awake, that she could almost have counted the plaits in her cousin's straw hat as he sat in front of her.

I have heard of a trooper in one of the famous hussar regiments that charged the Russian guns at Balaklava, who, all through the thickest of the shot and shell bursting around them, was most painfully conscious of a stain in the uniform of the soldier at his side, which he had noticed earlier in the day. And yet that man's presence of mind never failed him. It seems as if in moments of extreme danger, the mind is so thoroughly aroused that it is able to take in everything in an incredibly short space of time, and the most insignificant things seem to press on the notice. Lucy could hardly have counted the number of things that flashed through her mind in that short moment of time. The waggon was swaying from side to side in an alarming manner. Now came the dreaded corner. How was it possible that the infuriated horses would clear it safely?

With all his might Harry pulled at the rope reins. They snapped in his hand, and in a moment the crash came. Horses, waggon, and all were lying in a confused mass by the side of the road.

Lucy remembered no more after the first

crash. She was thrown out of the waggon by the violence of the shock, and fell with her head against a heap of stones by the way-side.

CHAPTER IV

THE CAGED SINGING-BIRD

"DO *noble things, not* DREAM *them all day long*"

WHAT a change a few short moments can sometimes work in our whole lives!

Kate was sitting with her work in her hand, under the spreading boughs of her favourite cedar tree in the garden, her thoughts as usual occupied with the deeds of the heroes and heroines of whom she had read. How different her life was to theirs! and how impossible it seemed that she would have in her life an opportunity of showing how heroic she could be.

Her work dropped from her hands as she sat idly dreaming in this manner; all was very still and silent, and her thoughts occupied

her so intently that she did not at first notice the sound of steps in the lane.

From where she sat she could see any one entering the garden gate, without being seen by them.

She looked up now, being attracted by the slow and measured footsteps she heard, so unlike the ordinary brisk walk of busy people. Her uncle and Martin Bourke were the first to enter, both looking sad and sorrowful, and bearing something between them on a wooden shutter. What that something was Kate knew only too soon.

A pale face, with eyes closed, and golden curls hanging down over it, was all that could be seen on the shutter, and that face Kate knew in a moment was Lucy's.

Now was the time for Kate's heroism to be put to the test; now was an opportunity for showing how brave and helpful she could be; but no, all Kate's fine feelings had vanished, she could not command herself, even; how could she be of any use to others?

Without knowing what she did she rushed forward, and clung screaming to her uncle.

Her shrieks brought Mrs Baker out from

the house, and in a moment the good woman saw what had happened.

"I shall never forgive myself, Polly, for having let the dear child go in the waggon with that skittish black horse, and now she has been thrown out, and it will be a mercy if she is not killed!"

They laid the poor child on her bed tenderly and gently. Not a sign of life appeared on that pale face. She was quite insensible. The only sounds that broke the stillness were Kate's passionate sobs and cries.

The doctor had been sent for at once and soon arrived. She was not dead, he said, but there had been a severe concussion of the brain from her fall, and it was impossible to say yet what other injuries she might have sustained. Perfect quietness was absolutely necessary, and Kate's cries must be stopped. Firmly, but kindly, he led the sobbing girl away, and issued strict orders that she was on no account to come near her sister's room again.

"If she was only calm and reasonable, she might be a great help," said her aunt; "but poor Kate thinks too much of herself ever to be of much use to others."

Kate had never felt so miserable in her life. She tried in vain to stop her sobbing, but whenever she thought of the dreadful sight she had just seen, it broke out afresh. She did not know what to do or where to go, Her room was the one in which Lucy was, and from which she was excluded, and she did not like to go into any of the other bedrooms without leave. At last she ventured down stairs to the kitchen.

She thought no one was there when she entered, so was much startled by a deep sigh from some one near. She turned hastily round, and was horrified at the sight which met her eyes.

There was her cousin Harry, as pale as a ghost, with stains of blood upon his cheek, and a handkerchief bound round a wound on his hand, which was bleeding profusely.

This sight was too much for Kate in her excited condition; instead of staying to see what could be done for Harry, she uttered a wild shriek, and ran out of the back door, through the garden, into the lane leading towards the village.

Little heeding where she was going she

flew on at the top of her speed, and was only stopped in her career by nearly stumbling over some one coming up the lane. Who it was she neither knew nor cared; her one idea was that she must get out of the way of those frightful sights at the farm-house.

A strong arm stopped her, however, and as soon as she could recover her senses sufficiently to know where she was, she found herself being quietly led back to the house by Miss Elwyn.

"Not there, don't go there!" she gasped, as Miss Elwyn was leading the way to the back door. "I cannot bear to see it again."

"What is it, my dear, that frightens you so?" said Miss Elwyn.

"Lucy is killed, and Harry is bleeding to death all alone in the kitchen," said Kate.

Miss Elwyn had heard of the accident from Alfred, who had been sent to fetch the doctor; but this version of Kate's sounded so very alarming, that she was quite horrified. "They are all up stairs with Lucy," said Kate, "and they sent me away, and I went down-stairs, and saw Harry bleeding to death, and I was so frightened that I ran away."

There was no time to waste in remonstrating with Kate, for Miss Elwyn at once saw that there was work to be done. She made her way at once into the kitchen, and there she found poor Harry, pale and bleeding, and faint from a deep cut he had received in his hand from a stone, but not otherwise seriously hurt. She busied herself at once about him; got water and washed his wounds; then sending Kate to a cupboard, where Harry said his mother always kept some plaster, she strapped up the cut so firmly and skilfully that Harry soon began to recover. Placing him in a low chair, near the open door, where the fresh air helped to revive him, she next poured out a glass of wine, and made him drink it.

All this was done so quietly and quickly that Kate was quite astonished. Something in Miss Elwyn's quiet manner prevented Kate from giving way to any more bursts of sobbing. When she saw the young lady doing so much, she was quite ashamed to stand by and do nothing.

By the time the doctor had leisure to come down from Lucy's room to look after the

other sufferer from the accident, Harry was almost himself again, though still weak and faint from loss of blood, and miserable in the idea that he was the cause of his little cousin's much worse injuries.

"You are a practised nurse, I see, Miss Elwyn," said Dr Seymour; "no surgeon could have bandaged a wound better. May I ask if you have had much experience?"

"I was in the Crimea during the war, under Miss Nightingale, while my brother was an army chaplain, so I ought to know something of dressing wounds," said Miss Elwyn; "but tell me what you think of the little girl upstairs, is she much hurt?"

"I am afraid it is a very serious case," said he; "she fell on her head and back, and I very much fear the spine is injured. It is impossible to give a decided opinion at present, but the most absolute quiet and careful nursing is necessary."

"I came to offer to help Mrs Baker to nurse her," said Miss Elwyn.

"I am sure your help will be most valuable," said the doctor; "one quiet experienced person like you is worth anything in a case

like this. That other girl is of no use whatever; she is not the stuff of which heroines are made, so she must not be allowed to go near her sister."

Kate was standing in the shadow behind the door, and Dr Seymour did not know she was there, but she heard his words, and her misery at the thought that she was excluded from her sister's room was very great.

Was this the result of her longing desire to do great golden deeds? Alas! poor Kate was now to learn the difference between self-glorification and self-forgetting.

The lofty castles in the air which had taken her so long to build were crumbling around her in dust and ashes.

How could she be a heroine, who could not bear the sight of pain in others! How could she ever shine out as an example of fearlessness who now shrank from doing her duty in this cowardly manner? Life has many hard lessons for us all to learn, and it was a very hard one which came upon Kate now. It is by throwing self aside, and doing each duty singly and simply as it comes to hand, that

golden deeds have been done, and golden honours won.

"Be thou faithful unto death," is the com mand; "and I will give you the crown of life,' is the promise.

CHAPTER V

LIFE'S DAILY BATTLE

"How few the happy secret find
Of your calm loveliness.
Live for to-day! to-morrow's light
To-morrow's cares shall bring to sight;
Go sleep like closing flowers at night,
And heaven thy morn will bless"

FOR many days Lucy hovered between life and death. The shock to her brain was such that the slightest bustle or excitement would have been fatal to her.

Then it was that Miss Elwyn's gentle and thoughtful manner of nursing was so valuable. She took her place so naturally at the side of the sick-bed, that Mrs Baker felt her heart was really in the work, and that apologies for the trouble would be only false politeness, and quite thrown away.

"You must not send me away, Mrs Baker."

said Miss Elwyn one day; "I am not in the least tired; you know I have had experience in nursing, and I am so glad to be able to help you now."

Kate being excluded from her sister's room, had much time for thought. Never had she felt so humbled in her own eyes as she did now; she hardly dared to meet her uncle's eyes as she sat near him at meals, as she fancied he must be always thinking of her selfish conduct. She began now to see that in the right performance of common duties lies the germ of true heroism. She remembered with shame how *uninteresting* she had thought Miss Elwyn the first time she had seen her, and how very little she had imagined, when speaking of heroines, that she herself had been through so many scenes of trouble and danger in order to be of use to her fellow creatures. It is a difficult lesson to learn that there are saints, and very great ones in the sight of God, whose lives are hidden and unknown, and of whom the world is unaware. They are great through saintliness, but the whole of their sanctity is made up of what to them seem little things. They

are great through humility, which ever leads them to take the lowest place, and to perform the lowliest actions. To Kate this kind of greatness was beyond the reach of her sight; she could not understand that our perfection does not require of us either great or extraordinary deeds, but that our duty lies in things that come in every-day life, in what commonly occupies us, and what fills up the days and years of our life. "The trivial round, the common task," the petty disappointments and cares of daily life, contain in them the real discipline and sacrifice which we need.

It is difficult to know where duty stops and heroism begins. Some people, like Miss Elwyn, think everything their duty, and so nothing they do they consider heroic; while others, like Kate, think great opportunities for heroism will come all of a sudden, and forget that if they have not courage to do their duty day by day, they will not suddenly be gifted with the power to do great deeds.

The full blaze of the summer sunshine streamed in at the open window of the oak parlour where Kate sat day after day alone, and, as she felt, neglected. Its brightness

lighted up the old-fashioned oak wainscoting, and shone on the old mirror, but it could not warm and gladden the heart of the lonely girl. A step on the stairs startled her, and she went into the passage to see who it was, and if she could gain any news of Lucy. It was Miss Elwyn on her way home to the vicarage to keep her brother company at his dinner, for this was what she never neglected, feeling that the self-imposed duty of nursing the sick child should not interfere with the duty which had been given her of making her brother's home happy.

"Oh, Miss Elwyn, do come in here and tell me how she is?" whispered Kate, who was afraid now to make the slightest sound.

"Dr Seymour has just been, my dear," said Miss Elwyn, "and he begins now to have hopes that your dear little sister's life will be spared."

"Oh, does he really say so?" said Kate, "does he really think she will soon get quite well again?"

"I did not say that, Kate," said Miss Elwyn; "I said he hoped her life might be spared, but, my dear, you must be prepared for a very

great trial—your little sister is never likely to be well again; she has been so much injured by her fall that we fear, if her life is spared, it will be a suffering one."

"Do you mean that she will never be well again, never be able to run about as she used to do?" said Kate.

"My dear, I fear she will never be able to walk again; she will probably be a cripple for life."

"Oh, Miss Elwyn, don't say that," said poor Kate. "That would be worse than death; she would never be able to bear it."

"My dear, if it is God's will that she should have such a heavy trial to bear, He will give her the needful strength. It is indeed a very sad thing, and you must not think I do not feel deeply for you in this heavy trial, but we must not look forward too much. Lucy has a bright, cheerful spirit, and that in itself is a gift from God, and will help her to bear whatever suffering He sends. But, my dear child, I do not like to see you sitting idle; have you no work of any kind to do?"

"They won't let me go upstairs to Lucy,

and I have not the heart to do anything down here all alone," said Kate.

"Is there nothing in which you can help your aunt? you know she has so much to think of now, she would surely be glad of a little help in her work from you. Do you know," continued Miss Elwyn, with a half smile, "heroines do not often sit with their hands before them? Joan of Arc, of whom you were speaking the other day, did a great deal to help her mother at home, besides attending to her flocks."

Kate blushed and hung her head with shame as Miss Elwyn said this. "Oh, Miss Elwyn, I shall never be a heroine! Did you not see how badly I behaved last Monday? My dreams are all useless, I am afraid."

"Dreams generally are useless, but hands are not," said Miss Elwyn. "Go to the kitchen and help the maid-servant in whatever she is about, and you will be of much more use than you would be if you had the most beautiful dreams possible."

Kate felt that what Miss Elwyn said was quite true; so, as she really wished to be useful

and to make up as far as she could for her selfish conduct, she conquered her natural shyness to go to the kitchen, and offer to help Anne.

Anne, who was a good-natured country girl, and rather given to hysterics herself, pitied Kate very much, and gave her some easy work to do, with a view to her amusement; but she soon found that Kate was by no means so hopelessly useless as everybody had imagined, and the employment did her so much good, that by the time she had polished up the teaspoons and pepper-pot till they shone again, a little of their brightness seemed to have passed into her face, and something very nearly approaching a smile might have been seen playing on her lips.

Her aunt's pleased look when she came down to tea, leaving Anne to sit in Lucy's room meanwhile, did Kate good; and she mentally resolved that from that day forth she would try to forget all about being a heroine, and try to be of some use in the world.

CHAPTER VI

THE PRICKING OF THE THORNS

"Not enjoyment and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way,
But to act that each to-morrow
Finds us nearer than to-day"

AS Miss Elwyn noted, from day to day, the improvement in Kate's character, under the influence of her sorrow and newly-found humility, she thought of a very favourite sentence of hers in the beautiful story, "The Old Man's Home:" "The thorn of affliction lies on the path homewards; and, if you have but courage to walk quietly on, there is none that, with greater certainty, will change into a flower."

The thorns from which she would formerly have turned aside, she was now treading bravely under foot, and Miss Elwyn knew that if she only persevered in treading them down, eventually the sweet flowers would bloom

Kate was far, very far from being a heroine

yet; she had only taken the first step in the right direction by becoming humble-minded, and even now her feet required constant pricks from the thorns to remind her that she must go on in the path of meekness and lowliness; as to stand still is impossible, the steps must be taken either backwards or forwards.

Not in our own strength must we seek to walk on our way, but through the help of Him Who trod that thorny path for our sakes, and Who gave us an example that we should follow in His steps.

Many days and nights passed, and still Lucy lay in pain and weakness on her bed. The slightest noise seemed to thrill through her whole body, and cause her the most acute suffering.

At times the poor child could not restrain her groans when the anguish was most severe, but in general she bore everything in a sweet uncomplaining manner that was infinitely touching. The sweet smile, with which she thanked her aunt or Miss Elwyn for any little service, was very different from the light-hearted merriment with which she had charmed every one such a short time ago.

The battle of life had begun for her as well as for Kate.

Her sufferings were to teach her that there are many ways of fighting besides putting on armour and slaying our fellow-creatures, and those who fight bravely against their *little* faults and temptations, and try hard to bear the pricking of the thorns meekly and uncomplainingly, are more truly great in His sight than many a hero the world admires. Her life had been so sunny and untroubled hitherto, that this sudden plunge into the darkness of suffering was very terrible. Fortunately, owing to her great weakness and pain, she was unable to think for long together, and so the idea that she was likely to be laid by for months, perhaps for years, gradually dawned upon her, and, as children of her age seldom look far beyond the present, it weighed upon her less than her kind aunt had feared it would.

Her father came as often as he could to see her, and it was pitiful to see his grief whenever he left the room in which his little darling lay. In her presence he managed to restrain himself for fear of upsetting her.

The remainder of the hay-carrying was accomplished safely, but all mirth and gladness had faded out of the proceedings.

Martin Bourke was beside himself with grief when he heard of Lucy's accident.

He had become much attached to the child, and his warm Irish heart felt deeply when he saw her pale, lifeless face, as he helped to carry her home.

After the hay-making was over, there was no excuse for him to stay, but he could not bear to leave the place till he heard how soon the poor child was likely to be sufficiently recovered to go home.

Mr Elwyn took compassion on him, and gave him work in his garden for a few weeks, and every evening, when work hours were over, and the church bell rung for evening prayer, Martin joined the little village congregation, and when the prayers of the church were desired for Lucy Harding, who was dangerously ill, none were more sincere and earnest than those sent up from the heart as well as the lips of the Irish soldier.

When Martin had first seen Miss Elwyn, he had a decided impression that he knew her

face, but it was just one of those tantalizing half recollections, when the faintest clue will bring back the whole to our memory, and which, missing the clue, dance away like the will o' the wisp, and elude our grasp. The clue, however, was supplied one evening in church. Looking up, Martin saw Miss Elwyn's kneeling figure, with the bright evening light falling on it through the western window. That quiet kneeling figure brought back to his memory his Crimean days. He remembered the hospital at Scutari, in which he had lain so long wounded, and then it became clear to him that Miss Elwyn was one of those lady nurses who attended so carefully the sick and suffering, and who knelt by many death-beds, soothing the last hours of the dying, and whispering holy words to comfort fainting hearts.

When the service was over, and the little congregation dispersed, Martin waited till Miss Elwyn and her brother left the church, and, going up to them, he began to pour out his gratitude to the lady with true Irish warmth.

He reminded her of the day when he had

been borne to the hospital severely wounded, and when she had nursed him tenderly. He spoke of his fretful impatience when he found himself prevented from continuing in the path of glory by his wounds, and of how she had calmed him by showing him the true courage required on a sick-bed, which she said was as acceptable to God as the bravest action a man can do on a battle-field.

All the past seemed now to crowd upon his memory, and now that he had found the lady whose words and example had first turned his thoughts in the right direction, there was nothing Martin would not do to show his gratitude to her.

Kate had not been much accustomed to week-day services, but now the quiet half-hour in church was the point in the day to which her thoughts most turned.

After the drudgery of household work in which she now regularly took her share, it was a great rest and refreshment to her, and the beautiful words of the Church Service, to which she had never before given much heed, now came home to her with that sweet familiarity, and yet ever-increasing beauty, which

those who love the Church will never miss in her beautiful Liturgy. Farmer Baker could not always attend, but he did whenever he could, and generally either Harry or Alfred was able to get away from the farm-work in time.

Lucy's illness was deeply felt by all who knew her. Her bright sunny smile had brought gladness to many a heart, both in the farm and in the village, and many prayers went up to God that He in His tender mercy would please to save her life, and ease her pain.

Harry soon recovered from the effects of his fall, but it was very long before he could bear any allusion to the accident, as he was distressed beyond measure at the idea that through any carelessness of his, his favourite cousin should have become such a sufferer.

It was a mournful time at the farm; a change seemed to have come over every one; the sunshine had faded, and day after day the sky was gray and leaden, and constant pouring, dripping rain fell, while the wind howled dismally in the large open chimneys of the farm.

The sweet little singing-bird was mute, and now lay on her bed of suffering.

CHAPTER VII

IN EVERYTHING GIVE THANKS

"Be it joy or sorrow
Which lieth in thy way,
Remove not to the morrow
What cometh for to-day.
But whate'er God giveth,
Rise and take straightway"

WE do not in general feel half thankful enough for the kind Providence which shields us from knowing what evils will befall us. If we, in the midst of present peace, happiness, and comfort, were aware of some great sorrow soon to come upon us, would not the golden fruits of happiness turn to ashes within our mouths? Should we not, in the clearest, bluest sky, be always on the look out for that cloud no bigger than a man's hand, so soon to spread itself over our horizon?

When Kate and Lucy left home for their

visit to the Manor Farm, nothing could have been clearer than the sky over their heads, and nothing apparently brighter than their prospects. Now, a few short weeks had changed everything; and, come what might, they never could go back to what they were before. This visit would leave a mark on both their lives which could never be effaced.

To be sure, Lucy had escaped from a fearful death, but she was condemned to a melancholy life, a life of trial and of pain; while Kate, who had always vague ideas of living in an impossible dream-land, now found herself called upon to take her place in the hive as a working bee, and no longer as a drone!

She did not yet understand that it is the working bee which gathers the honey; but she was soon to learn that the flowers which grow in the path we have daily to tread contain sweeter honey than those we sigh for in vain, out of the beaten track. Kate was very young; life was for her only in its morning and though clouds had gathered overhead, yet they cleared away again at last, leaving only a purer, more chastened brightness behind them.

It was not till full three weeks had passed since Lucy's accident that Kate was allowed to enter her room.

Miss Elwyn felt very sorry for her as she often saw her eyes turned wistfully to the door which was open for others, but shut against her.

It was her punishment, and she felt it to be so. She knew she deserved it for her selfishness and want of control, but that only seemed to make it harder to bear.

At last, when Lucy was pronounced much better, Mr Elwyn interceded for her with the doctor, and Kate was told she might see her sister if she would promise to be calm, and not to excite her.

The three weeks' probation had taught Kate many a useful lesson, and she managed to restrain her feelings; and instead of throwing herself into Lucy's arms, and telling her all, as she was much tempted to do, she was able to quietly kiss that pale gentle face, and place in her little wasted hand a rosebud she had gathered from Lucy's favourite tree.

Lucy's sweet wan smile, and the low voice in which she thanked her, nearly upset Kate

again, but she composed herself bravely; and soon becoming more accustomed to her little sister's altered looks, she was able to take her place daily at her side, and do many little things to help and comfort her.

When Lucy was able to be lifted out of bed and placed on a low easy couch near the open window, there was great joy in the whole household.

She was still very weak, and unable to bear any noise, but she had quite recovered the shock to her head. It was her spine that was the most injured, and it was very unlikely that she would ever regain the full use of her limbs.

Martin Bourke was her most constant visitor when she was allowed to see any one again. When work was over, he would sit by her side for an hour at a time, and amuse her by his never-ending stories and accounts of his adventures.

It was quite as amusing as a story-book without the trouble of reading, Lucy thought, and there was not a place nor a thing that she could mention that Martin did not know all about.

When Lucy lay quite still, she was in no

pain, and at those times she thought it was worth while being ill to have so many kind friends always ready to entertain her; but at night she generally felt hot and restless, and then, if she moved, the pain in her back was very bad; then indeed poor Lucy felt deeply what a trial it was to be thus laid up.

The long dark hours were very trying, when the pain was so acute that she could not sleep, and she lay listening to the regular ticking of the clock, and longing for morning. Then when morning came she was often too tired and exhausted with her feverish night to be able to enjoy anything.

The hot summer weather had now again set in, after three weeks of incessant rain. The sun poured into her room in the afternoons with such force that it was impossible to keep the room cool, and the constant weariness occasioned by the want of fresh air prevented her recovering her strength.

It was many weeks before she was strong enough to be placed on her couch under the shade of the cedar tree, but when once the doctor had given leave for her to go there, it became her regular resting-place.

THE MANOR FARM. *Page* 57.

From the window of her bedroom she could see a gable of the roof, and just beyond that the church tower. On that particular piece of the roof the white pigeons were generally to be seen, and no one who has not been long confined to a sick-room can understand the great interest they afforded her. She seemed to know them all intimately, and as she said, to "understand their conversations," as they congregated together in the sunshine on the roof.

The jackdaws and owls that lived in the ivy of the church-tower were also included in the list of her friends, and many a time Miss Elwyn would smile at the eagerness with which the little girl greeted her with stories of the clever doings of her feathered acquaintances. If Lucy had been loveable in her buoyant health and spirits, she was infinitely more so now in her gentle patience.

Her very life seemed to Miss Elwyn to be a song of thanksgiving. Formerly it had been, as it were, the joyous carol of a bird, who sings because he is so happy that he cannot help it, but now the song she was living was sweeter far, though in a minor

key. There were deeper fuller chords in it, but it was thanksgiving still.

"In everything give thanks," seemed to the lookers-on to be the motto of Lucy's life. When in great pain, she was thankful for the kind attentions of her nurses; when the pain had passed, she felt thankful for the relief.

Unconsciously, she was leading a very useful life, as her bright patience could not fail to have a good effect on all around her.

Miss Elwyn gave her a little hymn-book as soon as she was able to read; and though one verse at a time was as much as she could attend to at first, it was a great delight to her.

One hymn in particular she grew very fond of,—it was a pretty one about a sick child, well known to many children—

"I knew a little sickly child,
The long, long summer day,
When all around was fresh and bright,
Alone in bed he lay;
There used to come a little dove
Before his window small,
And sing to him with her sweet voice
Out of the fir-tree tall."

Lucy had always been very fond of country sights and sounds, and now that she was laid

up, she found great amusement in noticing all the living creatures around her.

Nature, which before had been only a sort of amusing curiosity to her, now seemed a part of her life. It is always profitable to open our minds to God's teachings in the ordinary things of life. If He is great in his mighty works, He is still more wonderful in His smaller ones, and there is not a bird or a flower that is not full of instruction to any one who will take the trouble to study its nature.

CHAPTER VIII

OWLS' NESTS

"Against the pale blue heavens
The tower stands hard and cold,
As the heart that in its sadness
Looks back on days of old"

IT might perhaps be thought that in a long and painful illness like hers, a child of Lucy's age could learn nothing. But this was very far from being the case. A very wise man (Archbishop Trench) has said, when speaking of the instruction of children, that education is not so much the filling of a child's mind, as a cistern is filled with water which is brought in buckets from other sources, but opening up its own fountains; not so much providing the head from without with facts and information, as drawing from within those powers of feeling and observation which enable him to receive and profit by the facts which either books or his own eyes may reveal to him.

Lucy was learning more on her bed of suffering than she would have learnt by years of school-life. I do not mean book-learning, as it was some time before her head was strong enough to enable her to read; but she was learning patience, consideration for others, and submission to God's will.

She had always been so petted and made much of by every one, and happiness had seemed to come so naturally to her, that her aunt could not help fearing that the first storm of adversity would crush that bright spirit; but Mrs Baker did not yet understand that the slender reed only bends when the strong oak is broken, and that a bright disposition helps a sufferer wonderfully to bear pain.

Alfred was very miserable at the loss of his little companion. Many a secret expedition had he and Lucy made in search of minnows and stickle-backs in the streams, or nests in the woods. Now every pleasure had a thorn in it to Alfred's heart, as Lucy could not share it with him. Standing disconsolately in the deep porch late one evening, thinking how everything had changed since Lucy's accident, he suddenly heard the hooting of an owl in the

yew-tree near him. He shouted in reply, and taking his cap off his head, he flung it at the astonished bird, which forthwith spread its wings and flew to the safe shelter of the church tower.

"There must be an awful lot of owls in the tower," thought Alfred. "I have a good mind to go to-morrow afternoon and have a try for their nests. How Lucy would like to have a soft, white baby-owl for a pet!" This thought had the effect of brightening Alfred up wonderfully; he was, as his mother often said, a terrible boy for mischief; the more danger there was in any exploit on which he had set his mind, the more eager he always was to be engaged in it.

He did not dare to tell his brothers of his plan lest they should put a stop to his fun, so he watched his opportunity the next afternoon during milking time, and went into the churchyard. No one was about at the time, and the side of the tower on which his attempt was to be made was screened from view by a high wall which divided the churchyard from the lane. Alfred was a bold climber, and with the assistance of the thick trunk of ivy growing

against the corner, he soon found himself on a projecting ledge of stone-work half way up the tower.

So far his course had been easy enough, the ivy had grown there for many years, and was thick and strong, and for a boy of strong nerve and quick eye, there was no difficulty in getting up by it. Now, however, as he paused to take breath on the narrow ledge, he began to see that the hardest bit of climbing was still to come. The ivy no longer grew with thick matted trunks against the stone-work, but branched out into bushy boughs, too weak in themselves to be trusted as helps for climbing.

Alfred considered for a moment, and then came to the conclusion that there was no use in attempting the ascent any further on that side, so he determined to walk along the ledge to the next corner, and see if the ivy would help him on the other side.

It was fortunate for Mrs Baker that she did not see him as he began his dangerous exploit. The wind blew in his face, and made it extremely difficult for him to keep his balance, but Alfred was not to be daunted by diffi-

culties; he went steadily on, and reached the east side of the tower in safety.

He was now looking down on the roof of the church, and from where he now stood he could see, what he had never noticed before, that there was a narrow winding staircase leading up from the roof of the nave to the place where it had evidently been intended that the clock should have been.

There was no clock there, however, and the stone steps were so worn, and covered with slippery moss, that it was hardly safe to attempt to mount them.

Alfred was not frightened, however; on the contrary, he looked upon his discovery with delight, and lost no time in mounting to the belfry window.

Then, notwithstanding dust and cobwebs, he succeeded in getting in. It was so dark at first that he could make out nothing except that he stood on a very shaky floor of old and rotten planks. By degrees his eyes became a little more accustomed to the darkness, and he raised his arms above his head and shouted aloud.

Never had his own voice sounded so alarm-

ing to Alfred; it came back echoed on all sides to him, and it not only startled him, but it woke a whole colony of bats and owls, who had lived all their lives peacefully in that dark tower chamber, and never before had seen such a monster as Alfred invade their dusty territory.

Out they flew, hooting and flapping round his head, making such a noise that Alfred was half deafened by the commotion; he was blinded also by the dust, with which the sudden rush of wings filled the air. It got into his throat and made him cough, into his nose and made him sneeze, and into his eyes and made them water.

Never was he in such a plight before. He groped his way helplessly on, hardly knowing where he was going. At last, when the winged multitude had taken flight through the belfry window, and the dust began slightly to subside, he recovered himself, and began to think he was in luck now, as here was a famous opportunity for getting his long coveted owl's nest.

He was not long in making discoveries in the corners of the dark chamber. Bones of

the victims lay plentifully strewn about, and in some instances bodies of mice which doubtless were intended for the owls' suppers.

He was stretching out his arms to reach a nest from a beam, just over his head, when he felt the plank on which he stood give way, and in another instant he found himself falling through the belfry floor. He had been standing on a trap-door, which, mouldy and rotten from extreme age, gave way under the unusual weight of his tread. He retained sufficient presence of mind to catch hold of the broken rafters, and guided himself to a beam; but, though he got so far without injury, how was he to get further? Darkness added to his difficulties, he had been much longer engaged in his exploit than he was at all aware of, and now the shades of evening were gathering thickly around.

Beneath the tower he could see through the small window the grave-stones, white and gleaming in the twilight.

Sitting where he was, on the cross-beam, he could see the great ghostly-looking bells, with their iron tongues, hanging above his head, and then the thought struck him that if he

could but catch hold of one of the bell-ropes he could descend by that means. But then he should ring the bell and be found out.

It was getting darker every moment. Through the narrow loop of the window he could catch sight of something moving in the churchyard below. Peering out as well as he could through the thick veil of cobwebs he saw that it was the sexton engaged in digging a grave.

Long John, as the old sexton was always called in the village, was known to be very superstitious. He was very seldom to be seen in the neighbourhood of the church after sunset, as, though he would not allow it, he was terribly afraid of ghosts. This evening he had been longer over his work than usual, and as the shadows became deeper, and the daylight lessened, he worked as hard as he could, in order that he might not have to finish his job in the dark.

"What fun to frighten Long John," thought Alfred. He was getting very hungry, and he knew it must be supper-time, so his desire to escape from his unpleasant position increased.

"I have not got an owl's nest after all,"

thought he, "but I don't think I could have carried one down if I had got it, as they are nothing but a few sticks and some rubbish laid down, not made firm like small birds' nests, and I can tell Lucy all my adventures,—how she will laugh!"

So saying, Alfred slipped himself along the beam, on which he had been seated, till he reached the wall, then catching hold of the nearest bell-rope with both hands, he prepared to swing himself down by it.

Ding, dong! went the big bell, out flew the owls hooting from the ivy, and crash fell Alfred on the ground, having descended much quicker than he expected. His hands were smarting and bleeding from the friction of the rope, and the jangling noise of the bell bewildered him. He lay for some moments half stupefied on the belfry floor, and was just recovering his senses when a sound of footsteps made him start up and shrink back into the deep shadow of the corner. The door opened, and there stood Long John, pale and trembling, and muttering to himself.

"I'll resign my place," said he, "I can't

stand it; I'd sooner face fifty living men than hear these noises—they make me creep, they do! I'm all of a tremble now; there ain't nobody here, so it *must* have been a ghost that sounded the bell; 'tis more than flesh and blood can stand!"

Long John, always tall, looked gigantic in the dim evening light, and if Alfred had been timid, he might have been excused for being frightened at him; but Alfred never felt afraid of anything, and the sight of the trembling sexton amused him immensely. Taking advantage of John's back being turned, Alfred seized an armful of dust and rubbish that he had brought down in his fall, and threw it at the old sexton; then, under cover of the dust he had raised, he slipped out of his hiding-place, and ran as fast as his legs could carry him towards the farm.

Being covered from head to foot with cobwebs and dirt, he did not like to go in openly, so he watched his opportunity, and slipped upstairs to his room when no one was by, and got rid of the dust and dirt, and had only his scratched hands visible to account for as he took his place at the supper-table.

CHAPTER IX

SUPERSTITION

"In work to thee assigned,
Lean not on mortal aid;
Though danger cross thy path,
Shrink not, nor be dismayed"

MR ELWYN paced the terrace-walk in his garden that evening as the sun went down.

The air was cool and fresh after the heat of the day, and the golden sunset clouds shone brightly in the western sky, their colours

"In sweet confusion blending."

How beautiful it was! How full of calm and holy peace! The distant village sounds had sunk into a hum, and all nature was in repose. The very roses seemed to have kept back their best sweetness to give to the soft evening breeze

"Please, sir, Long John wishes to see you," said Susan, the parlour maid.

Mr Elwyn sighed; it seemed hard to be called away from the delicious repose of his garden after his hard day's work, but he never refused to see any of his parishioners when they desired his advice or assistance. So he told Susan to show Long John into his study.

Drinking in, for one moment more, the glories of that lovely scene, he entered the house through the open window of his study, just as Susan was showing the sexton in at the door.

"Good evening, John," said Mr Elwyn; "fine weather this for the harvest."

John made no reply, and it was not till the vicar looked at him in surprise at his silence that he saw how pale and frightened he looked.

"What is the matter, John?" said the vicar kindly, "is any one ill?"

"No, sir," stammered John, as soon as his trembling lips would allow him to speak. "Nobody's ill, and there is nought amiss with any living creature, without 'tis me."

"Why, what is wrong with you, John? You look as if you had seen a ghost!"

"A ghost! that's just it, sir. I have seen it, and heard it too, and I have come to say that though I have been parish sexton nigh upon twenty years, and my father before me, I cannot stay another day in my place."

"Why not, John?" said Mr Elwyn, amazed. "You don't mean to say you are going to give up your situation, which you have held so long, on account of ghosts? Why I thought you were too sensible, and knew that ghosts do not really walk about churchyards."

"Oh, sir!" faltered John, his long legs trembling, and his knees knocking together from fright, "don't 'ee talk so; who knows what they might do to you? They do say as how ghosts is sure to punish them as don't believe in them; and as sure as my name is John Carter, there is ghosts round our church, and they have become uncommon venturesome lately."

"What have they been doing?" said the vicar, with difficulty repressing his inclination to laugh.

"I tell you, sir, I have heard them many times a-shrieking and a-groaning in the gloom of the evening, and this very night, as I was

finishing my job, which, owing to the ground being hard from the dry weather, took me longer than I expected, I heard first a kind of fluttering and screaming noise, and then, as sure as my name is John, the bells began to toll of their own accord, and when I went, as brave as I could, to the belfry, to find out what was going on, the sperrits half blinded me with their dust, and then I heard a rushing and scuffling past me, and by the time I could look round, they was gone."

Mr Elwyn had very hard work to keep his countenance at John's narrative, but seeing how much in earnest the poor man was, and knowing that as he was generally a silent man, this long history was the sign of great disturbance, he laid his hand kindly on his arm and said, "Sit down, John, and rest yourself a bit, and Susan shall bring you some tea, and then, when you are more yourself again, we will try if there is not something that we can do to lay these troublesome ghosts."

Mr Elwyn had no doubt in his own mind that the "flutterings and shriekings" John Carter complained of were caused by the owls which he had often heard in the church tower;

the only part of the story that struck him as strange was the dust that was thrown at him, but that might, in Long John's excited state, easily be accounted for by the fall of some plaster from the tower. He determined to go and see for himself if any unusual fall of rubbish had taken place, so leaving John in his sister's care, he took the key of the vestry, and let himself into the church.

Not being afraid of ghosts himself, Mr Elwyn felt no tremor or dread as he stood there alone in the dim light.

All was calm, quiet, and peaceful, nothing stirred, and the whole church looked as if it had been undisturbed since the evening service.

A ray of moonlight shone through one of the windows, and lighted up the stone tomb of an old knight in armour, the pride of the village church, and showed the dim outline of his recumbent form, with his arms folded on his breast, and the inscription carved in quaint old letters round his tomb—

"This knight is dust,
And his good sword is rust,
His soul is with the saints, we trust."

Mr Elwyn remained for a few moments in silent thought, as he watched the pale moonbeam softly caressing the stone face of the dead knight, and then stealing on and lighting up the font.

He thought of the brave soldier who had fought a good fight, and had finished his course, and, then turning to the font, he thought of the battle of life, and of how we were all brought to the font as little children, and made soldiers fighting under Christ's banner against sin. Our sword is one that will never be rust, for it is the Sword of the Spirit which is the Word of God.

"How can any one be afraid of evil spirits in the holy precincts of the church," thought he.

"There are guardian angels present in God's house, though to us invisible, waiting with all reverence at the font for the Holy Ghost to come and set His seal upon the child, that they may begin at once to take the little one into their especial care, and there are ministering angels with us in all seasons of joy and sorrow, rejoicing in our joy and sorrowing in our sadness, and why should we

fear when God has sent them to have us in their holy keeping?

"In all our dangers and temptations there is but one safe-guard and defence—the Lord God Almighty, Who has taken us to Himself in our baptism. If any evil comes, let us run to Him as children run to their parents. Why should we seek any other refuge? He is a present help in time of trouble; to flee away from Him, neglecting His promised aid, is really to set up the Evil One against God; it is the sin of witchcraft, so called in the Scriptures; it is trusting in names, and divinations, and charms, instead of in the one Holy Name, whereby we must be saved."

The moonlight spread to the belfry door, and recalled Mr Elwyn from these thoughts to the recollection of what had brought him thither.

There was a candle in the vestry, so lighting it he began his search.

The flickering light at first only seemed to render "darkness visible," but his eyes soon became accustomed to the dim light, and, looking carefully along the floor of the belfry, he was surprised to see the quanity of broken

wood, lumps of plaster, and dusty cobwebs.

"Quite enough to frighten Long John to have all this falling about his ears in the twilight," thought he. "I wonder where it fell from; now, I come to think of it, I do remember hearing a jingling among the bells just before I went out into the garden, but, as I was reading, I did not notice it much. The rural dean will be down upon us for this in his next visit, and a good thing too, as I shall have another reason to give the farmers when we talk of the necessity of a new roof to the church."

The broken fragments of the trap-door lay at his feet, and, as he stooped to examine them, he saw something which rather surprised him.

It was a blue and white spotted neck-handkerchief, caught in between the splinters of decayed wood.

How did it get there? that was the puzzle!

It could not have been left there by the ringers, for it was on the top of the rubbish which had certainly fallen that evening, about John Carter's ears as Mr Elwyn thought.

Somebody must have been there lately, that

was evident; with what intentions remained to be proved, but it now began to seem plain to Mr Elwyn that Long John had been subjected to some trick.

"I will find out something more about this," thought Mr Elwyn, as, placing the handkerchief in his pocket, he prepared to leave the belfry.

As he did so, his eye caught something shining on the floor among the chaos of fallen rubbish.

Stooping down, he discovered nothing very valuable in itself, inasmuch as it was only a metal button, such as boys and men often have on their fustian coats.

"This may perhaps help in the discovery of the ghost," thought he, as he left the church, "I never heard of a '*sperrit*' (as Long John calls them) wearing either blue handkerchiefs or metal buttons, so I hope to be able to allay the poor fellow's fears a little. If anybody has been trying to frighten him on purpose, it was a very wicked action."

The results of Mr Elwyn's discoveries must be left for another chapter.

CHAPTER X

PANIC-STRICKEN

"From harm and danger keep thy servants free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee"

"WHAT has become of Long John?" asked Mr Elwyn, as he re-entered the vicarage that evening.

"He has gone home," said Miss Elwyn. "He was in such a state of terror, both in mind and body, that I was quite frightened, so I begged Martin Bourke, who was in the kitchen, to see him home, and to advise his going to bed immediately. I told him you would see him in the morning, and I daresay in the bright daylight he will be more disposed to listen to reason on the subject of the ghosts than by night."

"It is grievous to see a man of his age so eaten up with superstition," said Mr Elwyn;

"but I think I have discovered that his bell-ringing ghost was rather a substantial one."

"Indeed!" said Miss Elwyn, "did you see any one in the church?"

"No, but I have a shrewd suspicion that the "*sperrit*" he talks about wore a blue handkerchief round his neck, and had metal buttons to his coat," said the vicar.

"What do you mean?" replied his sister. "Do you imagine any one has been wicked enough to try to frighten him on purpose?"

"I cannot say," returned Mr Elwyn, producing from his pocket the relics he had found; "but I found these in the belfry tower, where, by the way, there has been a considerable fall of rotten wood and rubbish since the service this evening."

"And you are going, like the antiquarians, to make a whole animal out of one fossil bone, or rather to build up a substantial ghost from a blue handkerchief and a button!" said his sister, laughing. "But indeed I am afraid Long John is not as brave as his inches would lead one to suppose. I begin to fancy there is some truth in Martin's idea, that 'length and strength is contrairy.'"

The next morning Mr Elwyn went to see the sexton at his cottage. He found him sitting shivering and shaking over the fire, though the weather was oppressively close and warm.

His wife, a bustling, active woman, was busy about the house-work, but she stopped her cleaning when Mr Elwyn came in.

"Oh, sir," she said, as he took a seat, "I am so thankful you are come. Now, do cheer poor John up a bit, he is all of a tremble, and he says his end is near, and that he has had his warning."

John raised his head feebly, and looked at Mr Elwyn a moment as she spoke, and then dropped it again, and stared into the fire without speaking.

"I am come to talk to you about the bell-ringing last night," said the vicar kindly. "I heard a kind of jingling among the bells myself, and I went to the belfry after I left you, and I am sure there must have been some one there, perhaps with the intention of playing you a trick; however, I mean to find out all about it."

"It was no trick," said John mournfully. "It was a call; the *sperrits* have warned me,

and I must go. I have dug many a grave in my life, and now some one else will soon have to dig mine."

Mr Elwyn was shocked and saddened at the effect of John's superstitious feelings; it seemed such a terrible thing that a man brought up with all the advantages of church teaching should allow himself to be so led away by foolish fancies and belief in the supernatural.

"I am thinking, sir," continued John, "of going to Hunston this afternoon, over the common, as there is a gipsy woman there who is very knowing about such things, and who will perhaps give me a charm to keep the *sperrits* off."

"Yes, sir," said his wife, before Mr Elwyn could reply, "I have been talking to John, and telling him that I know there will be no peace with him till he goes to the wise woman, and I am sure I shall not grudge half-a-crown if she will only say the words to keep the spirits off him."

"Do you really believe, Mrs Carter," said the vicar, "that any wise woman, as you call her, can have power over evil spirits? I have

just come here to try and prove to your husband that the noise he heard last night in the belfry was caused by some one who had been hiding there, perhaps with the intention of playing him a trick, or perhaps from some other reason. I am sorry to find you both on the point of doing such a wicked thing as seeking what you call a charm from a poor ignorant woman, who can have no power in any way to help you."

"Indeed, sir," said John, "I never thought of its being wicked, and this old woman is greatly thought of for her charms against the *sperrits*. A young woman in Hunston was quite sure last summer that her baby had been evil-wished, as it had convulsions in teething; and this old widow Jones told them to take the child out and pass it through the split bough of a young ash-tree as the sun rose, and it would never have any more fits."

"And did the child recover?" said Mr Elwyn.

"The child never had another fit, sir, and would have got quite well, only, being a sharp morning, the little thing caught cold, and died of croup."

"So you see," said the vicar, "the ash-tree remedy was of no use after all."

"Well, sir," said Mrs Carter, "the old woman could not help the child catching cold, and it was quite true that it never had convulsions again."

"Oh, Mrs Carter," said Mr Elwyn, "I wish I could make you see how foolish and wrong all this sort of thing is. In the first place, because your husband heard the bells jingling last evening, and has sometimes been startled by the hooting of the owls, do you think that that is sufficient reason to make him suppose that he is haunted by evil spirits."

"'Twas a warning, sir, I'm sure of that," said John.

"A warning of what, John?" said Mr Elwyn, "is not every grave you dig a a warning? does it not teach you that life is short, and death comes unexpectedly amongst us at all times? Believe me there are warnings for us all every day, and all around us, which we too often neglect, but God does not send warnings to us in the way you imagine, and it is the worst kind of fighting against Him to seek protection through the evil arts of His

ignorant creatures instead of praying to Him to be with us in all dangers, and to carry us through all temptations."

It was a very difficult task for Mr Elwyn to explain this clearly to Long John and his wife. They had been brought up in the folly of superstition, and had become so accustomed to the idea of charms and evil-wishing that it was only by long and patient argument that the vicar was able to persuade them to give up seeking the advice of Widow Jones.

The sight of the substantial proofs which he had found as to there having been some one concealed in the belfry, staggered John not a little, and even he was forced to confess that he had never heard that *sperrits* wore blue handkerchiefs. The vicar was obliged to take his leave without having convinced either the sexton or his wife of the sin of trusting more to Widow Jones' practice of the black art than to the Almighty power to protect them.

"Do you pray to God to guard you?" said he, on leaving the cottage.

"Yes, sir, we always say,—

" 'Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
Bless the bed that I lay on;
Four angels round my bed,
Two at my feet and two at my head,'

before we go to sleep, as my mother used to say that that would keep the *sperrits* off;" said Long John, as he opened the door to let the vicar pass out.

Mr Elwyn shook his head and sighed; such ignorance as this was very hard to deal with, but he did not despair of making this incident of use to both the sexton and his wife.

CHAPTER XI

"TRUTH WILL OUT"

"Sure this is a warning token,
A warning though unspoken"

WHEN Mr Elwyn left Long John's cottage that morning he turned his steps towards the Manor Farm in search of Farmer Baker. The farmer was not in the house, but Anne, who opened the door, told the vicar that she believed *missus* was in the dairy. She offered to call her, but Mr Elwyn stopped her, and said he would find Mrs Baker himself.

The dairy at the Manor Farm was a place worth seeing at all times, and a particularly delightful retreat on a hot summer's day. The cool stone floor, the bright tins containing the pure white milk and rich golden butter looked most inviting, and there, in the midst of all this, Mr Elwyn found Mrs Baker busy rolling

and weighing out pounds of butter to be sent to market.

Her compassion was easily excited when the vicar gave her the history of Long John's sad state of nervous depression.

"I always thought him a bit soft about the head," said she, "but I did not know he was so silly as this, and his wife does him no good, as she is quite as ignorant as he is."

"Yes," said Mr Elwyn, "a man like John Carter ought to have married a woman with a clear head and strong principles to keep him right, instead of such a weak foolish creature as his wife."

"Bless you, sir," said Mrs Baker, "a good wife could mould a man like John as easily as I can mould this butter I have in my hands, but Jessie Carter was always a poor weak thing; she lived here in our service at one time, but I would not put up with her ways for long; she would say verses over the cream in the churn to get it to turn, and one night when one of the boys was taken ill in the night my husband got up to fetch the doctor, and nearly broke his neck going down stairs, as on each landing she had placed a pair of

shoes, in the form of a cross, to keep off the witches!"

"It is very grievous, Mrs Baker," said the vicar, "and I shall try again to get them both to see how wrong such things are, but at present he really is very ill from the fright, and the first thing we must do is to try and find out the owner of this handkerchief."

So saying, he spread the article in question out upon one of the stone shelves of the dairy. Mrs Baker had not been more interested in the vicar's story than she would have been by any piece of village gossip, but when the handkerchief was spread out a change passed over her countenance.

"It is a common pattern, and therefore it will not be easy to prove to whom it belongs, supposing the owner wishes to conceal his share in the business," said Mr Elwyn; "but I hope that when it is known in the village that poor John is really ill from his fright, the owner will have the honesty to claim it; there is a small square patch in one of the corners, which may be a clue, as my sister suggests. I did not see it myself, but women's eyes are sharper than men's, and she saw it at once."

Mrs Baker had seen that already; it was the sight of that little square patch that made her countenance change; for well she remembered, in looking over the clothes after they were ironed the week before, finding one of her boys' handkerchiefs with a tear in the corner, and giving it to Kate to mend.

It was particularly impressed upon her memory by the fact that little Lucy had been much delighted at the clever way Kate had managed to patch it with a piece of an old torn one of the same colour.

"Sir," said Mrs Baker, after a moment's pause, "will you leave this with me this morning, and I will try to trace it to its owner? You shall have it again this evening."

"Yes, certainly," said the vicar, "I know I can trust it with you, and perhaps your husband may assist you in the discovery. I will leave the button, too, which I found in the same place; and now I must really be off, as I have to attend a meeting some miles off, and be back for the funeral this evening; when that is over, I will look in again, and hear what you have to say about it."

Mrs Baker was very much put out; she

knew that the handkerchief belonged to one of her boys, but how it had got into the belfry was a mystery to her.

At first she thought that it might have been left there since the last Sunday, when the boys often acted as ringers, but she remembered Mr Elwyn's account of the fall of rubbish that had taken place, and that this handkerchief was found caught in between two fragments of splintered wood that had fallen with the rest. Taking the button in her hand, she went upstairs to the long garret in which Harry and Alfred slept.

Hanging on a nail behind the door was a fustian jacket which she knew was Alfred's.

She took it down from the place where it hung, and carried it to the window. As she did so, she noticed that where it rubbed against her dark dress, it left a white dusty mark, and on near inspection she found it covered with cobwebs, and small particles of mortar. There were metal buttons on the front, and of these one was missing! There remained therefore no longer any doubt in her mind that Alfred had been in the belfry, but for what purpose she could not understand;

or if he had had anything to do with the broken state of the rafters. She did not know what to do; she did not like to accuse Alfred to Mr Elwyn without knowing the whole story, and she felt that it would be so much better if the boy would tell the tale without questioning, and of his own accord. It would soon be dinner-time, and after that was over, she would try and get him to explain the affair. Taking the jacket down stairs in her arms to clean off the dust, she went into the oak-parlour, where Lucy lay on the soft couch Miss Elwyn had lent her.

Kate was sitting by, with her work in her hands, listening to some story her little sister was telling her.

"Oh, Aunt Mary!" said Lucy, "do you know what that boy Alfred has been doing now? He told me this morning that he actually climbed up the church-tower to get some owls' nests, and somehow or other the floor gave way, and down he fell, and he would have been killed if he had not caught hold of one of the bell-ropes, and swung himself down by that."

This was a far more alarming view of the

question than had occurred to Mrs Baker before, and yet it was a relief to her to know that Alfred had not been so intentionally cruel as to try and frighten Long John. She asked Lucy to tell her all the particulars she had heard, and she shuddered at the thought of what might have happened to her boy in his rash and dangerous adventure.

Alfred, it appeared, had no idea that the fright he had given the sexton was such a serious one. It was only the impulse of the moment that made him throw the dust over him in order to cover his retreat, and though he knew that Long John was easily alarmed, Alfred was too kind-hearted a boy not to feel frightened and distressed when his mother told him the result of the trick which his love of boyish mischief had led him to play.

Mr Elwyn spoke very seriously to him that evening after church, when he went to the farm to learn the result of Mrs Baker's discoveries.

Alfred was really sorry for what he had done, and readily agreed to accompany the vicar to Long John's cottage to explain the whole business to the still terrified sexton.

"If he is sorry, and did not mean to trick me, I'll forgive him," said Long John, "but I cannot get clear of the notion that I've had a warning!"

"May it prove one to you, John," said Mr Elwyn, "and enable you to see how wicked your superstitious fears are."

CHAPTER XII

"UNDER THE CEDAR TREE"

"Courage! in all times of trial,
Learn to 'pray, and not to faint.'
Jesus marks each self-denial,
And He hears thy lips' complaint.
'Fear thou not, nor be dismayed,'
Wait on God, be not afraid"

WE must now go back to Kate, and see how these days of work and trouble had passed with her. It was a bitter trial through which she was passing, but He who sent it was enabling her to bear it. Miss Elwyn marked the change in her with the greatest interest and thankfulness.

It is only those who bear their crosses meekly, and bend beneath the Father's chastening rod, that will have their portion in His noble army of martyrs.

When Miss Elwyn, sitting by Lucy's couch

under the shade of the cedar tree, would tell the girls stories of brave deeds and noble patience which she had known during the Crimean war, Kate would bend her head over her work, and sigh as she felt what a wide gulf there was between these real heroes and those of whom she had dreamed.

She admired the "golden deeds" as much as ever, but she felt now that the doers of them were not such as she had pictured them, vague shadows, but real men and women, alive in the world, and taking their part in life's everyday duties.

"Let each esteem others better than himself," was what passed through Miss Elwyn's mind as she noticed how diffident Kate had become, and how she fancied all her efforts to be of use were vain. This was a much happier state of mind than her former one, and Kate soon began to lose the fretful, discontented expression which had been so painful in one so young.

"I do not know what I should do without Katie," said Lucy, one afternoon to Miss Elwyn, "she is always doing something kind for me. I wish I could thank her properly."

Miss Elwyn smiled, and taking the little girl's thin hand within her own, she thought how impossible it would be for any one to help being kind to that patient little sufferer.

"I am not half useful enough, Lucy," said Kate, "I often wish I could do something to make you happier, but I am only beginning to learn to use my fingers. Do you know, Miss Elwyn, I really feel ashamed when I remember how many hours I used to waste, sitting with my hands before me."

"I am glad you are finding the use of your fingers at last," said Miss Elwyn.

"Indeed, Kate's fingers are very useful and clever ones," said Lucy, rather indignantly, for she fancied Miss Elwyn was casting a slight on her sister. "Aunt Mary says she does not know what she shall do when we leave her,—at least, it must be when Katie leaves her, for I am only a trouble to every one, and give so much extra work," sighed Lucy, the large tears gathering in her eyes, and nearly brimming over.

"When are you going back to London?" said Miss Elwyn, appearing not to notice Lucy's distress.

"The doctor says Lucy may be moved in an invalid carriage whenever father likes," said Kate, "and he thinks change of air may give her an appetite; but father is afraid the close air of our house in the city will be bad for her after the freshness of the country."

"Poor father, he is very dull at home without us," said Lucy, who was rather low that day, having had an unusually restless night, and so was inclined to think of sad things instead of cheerful ones.

"He did talk of sending us to the sea-side for a bit, only it is not easy to find a place where he knows any one, and he could not trust Lucy alone with me," said Kate.

"Have you ever seen the sea, Lucy?" said Miss Elwyn.

"No, never," said Lucy. "I think I should like to see it very much. I suppose it is like a big pond."

"Rather a bigger pond than you fancy," said Miss Elwyn, smiling, and then she told Lucy so many funny stories of her sea-side adventures that the little girl brightened up immensely, and seemed already refreshed merely by the idea of the grand big waves

rolling in, one after another, over the shore, or dashing themselves to pieces against the cliffs.

As Miss Elwyn walked home, the wish that Lucy could have the benefit of sea-air increased within her, and she set herself to work to try and find a means for carrying out the idea.

On arriving at the door of the vicarage, she found a pretty pony carriage, and a tiny groom waiting.

Hearing voices in the garden, she knew her brother must be there with the visitors, so instead of going into the house, she opened a small wicket-gate and joined the party on the terrace. A very elegant lady, with a little fairy girl of eight years old, were standing with Mr Elwyn in the garden.

"Mrs Marchmont, I am so glad to see you," said Miss Elwyn. "I did not know you were in the neighbourhood."

"We only returned last night, and though the country here looks lovely, we are very dismal at having left the sea," rejoined Mrs Marchmont. "Florence thinks there is no place like Beachport. Do you, darling?" she added, turning to the little one.

"No, mamma," said Florence, "there never could be a nicer place, or nicer people anywhere."

Mr Elwyn laughed, and said, "Tell me, Florence, about these nice people who you were so sorry to leave. Were there any little girls and boys of your own age?"

"Not many," said Florence, "but there was Granny Davies, such a beautiful old woman, who had a sailor son who wore ear-rings, and gave his mother a glass rolling-pin, a great deal too pretty to use, so she hangs it up in her parlour; and there, most of all, was dear old '*Crabby*,' my greatest friend, who used to make boats for me, and tell me such delightful stories."

"Who is old Crabby?" said Mr Elwyn.

"Such a dear old man, and so dirty," said Florence.

"Well, I can't say that that is a good reason for liking him," said Mr Elwyn, laughing.

"I assure you, 'Crabby' and Florence were such friends, that I got quite jealous," said Mrs Marchmont; "Florence used to be distressed if I let him go without buying some of his crabs and lobsters, and I believe if I

had stayed longer I should have seriously injured my digestion from eating shell-fish entirely to please her."

"I have just been talking about the sea-side to a poor little cripple child here," said Miss Elwyn, "and I should be so glad, if it could be managed, to get her taken to a nice lodging in some quiet place."

"Do you mean Lucy Harding?" said Mr Elwyn.

"Yes, the doctor thinks she might be moved now in an invalid carriage, and I feel sure a breath of sea air would do her good."

"If you want to know of a nice lodging for the class of person you are speaking of, I am sure I can recommend Florence's friend, Granny Davies," said Mrs Marchmont, "she is a most respectable person, and a capital nurse. She was telling me, the other day, that her sailor son has taken this house for her on condition that she does not go out nursing any more, as he thinks she ought to end her days comfortably, and she says that when he is at sea she finds the time hang very heavy on her hands, and she has often thought of taking lodgers by way of giving

her some interest. She would be just the very person to send the sick girl to, as she is such a good nurse."

"Really I think that sounds very promising," said Miss Elwyn, "and I am much obliged to you for mentioning it. I know Harding is anxious his child should have sea air, and will not grudge the expense; so I will write to him to-day on the subject."

The arrangements with Granny Davies were soon concluded, as Harding wrote most gratefully in answer to Miss Elwyn's letter, and begged her and Mrs Baker between them to settle everything as they thought best.

The very idea of going to the sea-side seemed to revive Lucy, and when Florence Marchmont went with her mamma and Miss Elwyn to see her, and told her stories of Granny Davies and her sailor son, she longed for the journey, which she had at first dreaded, and counted the days till she should herself see all the wonders of which Florence spoke with such rapture.

"Mind you give my love to dear old 'Crabby,'" said Florence, as she ran after her mamma to the carriage.

The preparations were soon made for the journey, as all agreed that it would not do to let the bright autumn days go by before the move was made.

Mr and Miss Elwyn, wishing to pay a visit to some friends in the neighbourhood of Beachport, thought it would be a good plan to arrange their journey so as to enable them to travel at the same time with Kate and Lucy, thereby saving both Mrs Baker and Harding much anxiety.

The invalid carriage was very comfortable, and Lucy, though tired and exhausted on her arrival, soon revived under the influence of the fresh sea air, and Granny Davies' nursing.

When Miss Elwyn paid them a visit before she went home at the end of the week, she was much struck with the improvement in the little invalid, who told her that old "Crabby's" stories were nearly as amusing as Martin Bourke's, and that Florence had been right in saying that he was very dirty. Miss Elwyn went away quite comforted about Lucy, when she saw how much good the change of air was doing her, and she was able to take a good report of both the girls to Farmer Baker and his wife.

CHAPTER XIII

THE WHOLE ARMOUR OF GOD

"Oh, say not thou art left of God,
Because His tokens in the sky
Thou canst not read; this earth He trod
To teach thee He was ever nigh"

THE first piece of news that Mr Elwyn heard on his return from the sea-side, was that Long John was seriously ill.

He had never recovered from the state of nervous agitation into which he had been thrown by Alfred's bell-ringing adventure, and now he had taken to his bed, and was really laid up with a feverish attack.

The vicar hastened to his cottage, and found Jessie Carter in great distress, and her husband very ill in bed.

"I am sorry to find you so ill, John," said Mr Elwyn, as he stood by the bed-side.

John made an impatient movement, and

turned his head away from his visitor without speaking.

This was something new, as with all his superstition and ignorance Long John had always hitherto been very polite to his clergyman. Mr Elwyn was surprised, but knowing that the fever was high, he excused much of the sexton's rudeness by putting it down to his illness.

He stood for a moment silently watching the sick man's face, and then said, "I am afraid you are in distress of mind, or else in severe bodily pain, John. Will you not tell me what is amiss? You know I have come on purpose to see if I could help you in any way."

In vain did Mr Elwyn try to break through the thick crust of reserve under which John had taken shelter. Not a word would he speak, but lying with his face turned to the wall, he seemed to be only wishing for his visitor to leave him alone. He was evidently frightened, and dreaded what the vicar would say next. He mistook the deep compassion and sympathy in Mr Elwyn's voice for reproach.

It was very incomprehensible to the vicar, and finding that he could make no impression on the sick man, he went down-stairs to talk to his wife.

"Your husband seems very poorly," said he to Jessie; "how long has he been like this?"

"Well, sir, he has never been the same man since he got that fright about the *sperrits*."

"But, Mrs Carter," said Mr Elwyn, "that was more than a fortnight ago, and besides, I thought Alfred Baker made him clearly understand that it was he who was in the belfry, and not any evil spirits. I had hoped that that feeling of terror would have worn off long ago."

"No, sir," said Jessie, "he is just *possessed*, and that is the whole truth of it. I tried at first, after you were here, to make him believe that it was all Alfred Baker's tricks, but it was no good; he just sat and shivered, and said he could not forget his warning, and at last he took up his hat and started off over the common to Widow Jones, to see if she would not do something for him.

"And what did she say to him?" said Mr Elwyn.

"Well, sir, I can't think now that she knows much about it, for she certainly has done him no good. She told him to wait for a Friday, and then get up before day-light, and walk backwards round the churchyard wall with his eyes shut, and make the sign of the cross at each corner with his foot on the ground; and so he followed her orders, and went out the next Friday morning. It was raining in torrents, and what with his fright, and what with the rain, he came back so ill that he was obliged to go to bed, and there he has been ever since."

Mr Elwyn was more than ever shocked when he heard this story; it was very evident that poor "Long John" was in a state of great nervous excitement, and that if something was not done to ease his mind, he would soon be quite out of his senses; and now here was his wife doing him more harm than good by encouraging his superstitious ideas!

Day after day did Mr Elwyn go to the sexton's cottage, and try to reason him out of his morbid feelings. For a long time he found that his words made no impression on John's stolid mind; for some time he main-

tained his sullen silence. At last, one day when the vicar had been trying to put clearly before him, in simple words, the sin of doubting God's power to guard us from all evils, John said,—

"That's it, sir—that's just it. I did wrong at first in putting faith in that old woman instead of trusting God; and now He has left me, and I fear He will never hear me again."

John having said so much, Mr Elwyn found it easier to get him to say more, and by degrees he began to understand how deep and dark was the veil which superstition had woven between his eyes and the light of day.

"When the old woman told you to make the sign of the cross on the ground with your foot," said Mr Elwyn, "did you not know that that was a wrong thing to do?"

"No, sir," said John, "I never thought there was any harm in that; why, my mother always put a cross on everything she wanted taken care of; every cup or glass that came to the house she made a cross on with her fingers for fear of its getting broken."

Mr Elwyn had a very difficult task before

him, but he did not shrink from it; he set himself regularly to work to teach John and his wife how wrong it was to use sacred words and symbols in such a manner, and how displeasing it was to the Almighty to neglect His promised aid, and to trust in feeble and sinful human beings for protection against the crafts and assaults of the devil. By degrees, the holy words of Scripture which he read and explained seemed to contain real meaning to the poor ignorant beings. Mr Elwyn discovered that the few texts and hymns that their slow memories retained were looked upon by them as sort of charms, which they would repeat without in the least caring to understand their meaning; evidently thinking that the mere repetition of them would keep them from all evils. When once the clear light of true religion began to dawn on their darkened minds, day by day it became clearer, and after some months of teaching from both Mr Elwyn and his sister, there seemed some hope that they would be brought to acknowledge that God's hand alone can ward off dangers, and that to put trust in those who claim to have power over

evil spirits is really to desert the banner of Christ, and to join the army of the Evil One.

Long John confessed, after some time, that he had been secretly very much ashamed of himself when he went over the common to consult Widow Jones the gipsy.

He never thoroughly believed that she could do anything for him, but his fears of evil spirits had made him so weak and cowardly, that he willingly gave himself up to the delusion.

When the vicar came to see him, he fancied that he came to blame him for what his conscience told him was wrong, so to shield himself from his reproaches, he had taken refuge behind a thick barrier of sullenness and reserve.

"When you spoke to me so kindly, sir," said John, "I seemed to feel that as I had left God, He would leave me, and it frightened me more than ever."

It is not easy to judge of the different phases of religious feeling through which a perfectly ignorant and uninstructed mind may go before the germ of life is visible. Those who have had the advantage of education

should not be judged in the same manner as those whose minds have always lain stagnant.

The few ideas that John and his wife had taken in about spiritual things were wrong ones, as they confounded the powers of darkness with the workings of God's providence, and looked upon the Almighty more in the light of a King of Terrors to be propitiated, than as a God of Mercy to be loved.

For those who have been properly instructed, what greater work can there be than helping the ignorant in the path in which we all should tread?

As we have all received gifts from above, we should try to use them in our Master's service, and though we can, by prayer and labour, earn nothing for ourselves, we must pray and labour if we would be faithful stewards, and not unprofitable servants. The events in our daily lives are in themselves nothing; they are, it seems to us, transitory, but each in reality bears within it the seed which is to exist for eternity.

Life requires watchfulness, self-restraint, and endurance, and these good gifts are given to all that truly seek them.

With such armour, and with the shield of faith, we need not fear though the earth be moved. God is greater than the powers of darkness, and, trusting in Him, we need never be afraid.

It was a long time before Mr Elwyn could persuade Long John that ghosts do not walk about churchyards, but he was not discouraged at the sexton's holding out so long; he knew that it must take time before the rooted impressions of childhood could be replaced by the teaching of after years; but as time went on, he saw that his labour was not all thrown away, for both Long John and his wife at last began to realise what he taught them, and as ignorance departed, credulity vanished gradually with it.

CHAPTER XIV

SEA BREEZES

"Such signs of love old Ocean gives,
We cannot choose but think he lives"

THE change to the sea-side did Lucy a great deal of good, and the fresh sea-breezes did more towards the restoration of her strength than months of careful nursing would have effected without them.

Kate, too, looked brighter and better; her step was more springy, and her manner less languid than it used to be.

It was not entirely the air of Beachport that had wrought this transformation in Kate. She was learning many useful lessons, and her trials had not been sent to her in vain.

To be a heroine seemed now to Kate to be entirely out of her line of life, and whenever she thought of her old day-dreams, a blush of shame would spread itself over her cheeks.

"How could she who had failed so grievously in her first trial ever hope to be able to do noble deeds?" That was her frequent reflection now, as in her newly found humility she mourned over the mistakes of her past life.

The village of Beachport lay at the foot of a hill, and was sheltered from the wind by high rocks among which grew fir trees. It was a lovely spot, and both Kate and Lucy thought that they never could get tired of it.

The glorious sea formed of course the chief feature in the view, and the dashing of the waves against the cliffs, or their soft ripple upon the sandy beach, were equally delightful to these two London children.

Granny Davies' cottage stood on a sort of terrace in the rock, which had been formed long ago by a land-slip. A short sandy lane led down from her garden-gate to the sea-shore, and from the parlour-window Lucy could see the ships sailing on in the distance, while nearer the shore the fishing-boats were constantly coming and going.

Above the cottage stretched the downs, with their endless billow-like mounds covered with short, scented herbage, amid which the

pimpernel, the wild thyme, and other delicate little flowers, showed themselves everywhere.

This hill was beyond Lucy's reach, but she had her couch wheeled out into the garden, and could lie there watching the beautiful blue sea, and she was never tired of counting the graceful vessels as they sailed on, or the innumerable smaller craft flitting about like white-winged sea-birds on the sparkling waves.

Granny Davies soon became very fond of her young lodgers, and took such care of Lucy, that when Kate wrote her regular letter twice a-week to her aunt, she always said that "except Aunt Mary and Miss Elwyn, there never was a better nurse than Mrs Davies." They had been at Beachport about a fortnight when Will Davies came home from sea. His old mother had so often spoken of her sailor boy, that Kate and Lucy were not prepared to see him such a tall bronzed man as he was. They were rather afraid of him at first, he looked so big in those little rooms, and his laugh was so loud it seemed to shake every piece of glass or china in the room. However, they soon got used to all that, and were good friends with him.

Lucy was never satisfied with his stories, and as soon as one was done, she begged him to tell her another.

Will did not call them *stories* himself, he called them *yarns*, and Lucy did not understand at first what he meant when he offered *to spin her a yarn;* but she soon found out, and the good-natured young sailor would carry the sick child, couch and all, to the sands, and then sit beside her, and tell her of the marvels of that blue sea at which she was looking.

"How I wish I could go out in a boat," she sighed one day, as she saw a pleasure-party go by in a light skiff.

"Why should you not?" said Will. "I will take you if you like."

Lucy's eyes danced with delight, but Kate looked grave, while Granny Davies scolded her son for putting such an idea into the poor child's head.

"You know she cannot sit up, Will, and she could not lie comfortably on the seat of a boat," she said.

Lucy's bright look had faded. She was very patient generally, and showed really great courage in bearing pain; but she could

not so easily resign herself to the many disappointments which her crippled state brought upon her.

It was hard, very hard, she thought, that other children of her age should have their health and strength, and the power of running about and enjoying themselves, while she could not stir from her couch of pain. Oh! how she longed for that almost forgotten pleasure, "a good run!" and now the idea of boating had taken possession of her mind so completely, that she fancied it must be the most delightful thing in the world. Will Davies was sorry that his thoughtless speech had caused the poor child such disappointment; and when he saw the big tears falling from her blue eyes, he called himself such ugly names, and seemed so provoked with himself for his stupidity, that Lucy soon recovered herself, and holding out her little thin hand, said, with her usual gentle smile, "Never mind, Will, it can't be helped; thank you for thinking of it all the same, and I really like lying here, and hearing your 'yarns' about the sea, almost as much as I should going upon it."

Will said no more at the time, but that evening he had a long conversation with old "Crabby," and very early the next morning, as soon as it was light, Lucy heard him creep down-stairs without his shoes, and then open the front door and go out.

The result of his mysterious business was not known till the next afternoon, when he came into the parlour, beaming with delight, to carry Lucy and her little light couch down to the beach.

"You must come too, granny," said he to his old mother, who was sitting, with her spectacles on her nose, stitching.

"Oh no, my dear boy, I really cannot go out this afternoon," said Mrs Davies, "I must stay and mend your clothes. You brought them all home in rags from your last voyage."

"Never mind the clothes, mother," said Will, "come along, I'll mend them some day or other."

"*You* mend the clothes!" said Lucy.

"Yes indeed, little miss," said Will, "don't you know that sailors can do everything?"

"What a big thimble you must require,"

said Lucy, laughing, as she pictured to herself Will sitting at work with a thimble on one of his huge fingers.

"I wear my thimble in the palm of my hand," said Will, and as he spoke he opened a large sailor's chest, which stood in one corner of the room, and produced from it a canvas bag, in which were needles, cotton, buttons, tapes, &c., with what sail-makers call a thimble, being a piece of canvas with a bit of metal in the middle, worn on the palm of the right hand.

"Never you say I can't mend my clothes again," said Will, as he showed his "work-bag" to the children. "Now, granny, put away your stitching, and come out while it is bright and fine."

Granny Davies never could resist her sailor boy's way of ordering her to do what he wished, so putting her mending aside, she got her shawl and bonnet, and was soon ready to accompany them.

Will took Lucy, couch and all, in his arms, and led the way, followed by Granny Davies and Kate. Old Crabby was generally to be seen baiting his lobster-pots on the

wall at this time of the day, but this afternoon Kate remarked that he had left his usual place.

The tide was high, and the sea clear and smooth as a pond. When they reached the shore, Will set Lucy down for a moment, and then pointed to a boat at the water's edge. It was a broad, rather ugly fishing-boat, but Lucy thought it the most beautiful thing she had ever seen in her life, for in the stern, where the narrow seats are usually seen, was a sort of soft bed made of cushions, and over it a nice awning had been rigged up. Sitting in the boat, with a broad grin on his face, was old Crabby; and now the secret came out, and the children discovered that it was what had made Will so busy all the morning, and why the old man had deserted his crab-pots!

Lucy was lifted gently into the boat by Will, who, strong and noisy as he was, could be as tender as a woman when he chose. She was laid on the soft bed which had been so carefully prepared for her. Granny Davies and Kate seated themselves near her, and Will, pushing the boat off, sprang in.

Who can say what a delight that first

THE MANOR FARM. *Page* 120.

experience of boating was to the children! The fresh air, the gentle motion, so different to the vibration of the train, were charming to them, and Kate, as she leant over the side of the boat, and saw the rocks and sea-weed through the transparent water, felt as if she could not love God half enough for making everything so very beautiful.

CHAPTER XV

DAWNING LIGHT

"Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies"

AS I said before, Mr Elwyn was not discouraged by the failure of his first endeavours to make "Long John" and his wife see the sin into which their superstitious ignorance had led them.

He knew that when the ground has long been allowed to lie barren and waste, it must be carefully cultivated before any sort of good seeds will be able to take root. Thorns and thistles will grow where tender grass and flowers could never penetrate the soil, and so it is with a man's heart.

John Carter was not intentionally wicked, but the tender growth of holiness which the baptismal grace had sown in his heart had been choked and smothered by the weeds of a careless, irreligious life.

Mr Elwyn strove patiently to make him understand that instead of fearing evil spirits, he should rather seek for God's good Spirit to support him in all dangers, and to carry him through all temptations. It was not for many weeks that this idea seemed thoroughly to penetrate through John's dense understanding.

When at last it entered his brain, John began to see these things in a proper light.

The chief fear that now distressed his newly awakened consciousness was that the Almighty would never forgive him for having lived so long without Him in the world, and for having sought for charms to protect him from unknown terrors, instead of trusting to His mighty aid. He was beginning now to know Him, and to realise his utterly helpless condition without His support.

Trouble and sorrow, brought on by his abject terror, had made him feel the emptiness of a heart where God is not, and earnestly, and with bitterness of spirit, he was craving for Him, without whom to live is death.

After a while. when he was better instructed

in the way of life, he told Mr Elwyn that his great difficulty was to remember the particular sins of his past life, and to realise fully what he was called upon to repent and forsake.

Mr Elwyn comforted him by telling him that no duty is harder to perform rightly than self-examination, and that it needs long practice to become at all easy.

He told him that our Lord is merciful, and wishes all to come to Him, and that ignorance is no discredit to us in His eyes, provided it be not wilful ignorance, and so even the poorest and least instructed member of the blessed body of Christ's Church may pray for help and comfort with as full an assurance of being heard as the greatest and most learned divine in the land.

"Them that are meek shall He guide in judgment, and such as are gentle, them shall He learn His ways."

"But, sir," said John, one day, "we must fear God, and how can we love Him as well as fear Him?"

"It is just because God is so much to be loved that He is also so greatly to be feared, John," said Mr Elwyn. "The fear we should

feel of Him is not an abject and servile fear, that would be like the fear of the devils, of whom we read, that 'they believe and tremble.' Our fear should be rather a confiding, almost exulting awe, such as that which a loving child feels for a good parent, or a subject for a just king."

John Carter's nervousness about the ghosts and the shadows he imagined haunted him at night, was like the fear of children. In ignorant minds there is often a feeling that darkness is connected with evil spirits; Mr Elwyn's aim was to make the poor man understand that God is with us by night as well as by day, and that He sends His holy angels to watch over us, and that we should struggle against such fears, as they are displeasing to God.

We should remind ourselves that the darkness is no darkness with Him, but that the night is as clear as the day.

Man is just as much prone now, as he was in the ancient world, to be discontented when bidden to rely boldly on faith instead of sight. He craves for something tangible in which to put his trust, and will not rest in the Mediator

hidden from his eyes, but either substitutes some device of his own, or casts away belief in the unseen altogether. In ignorant people like John Carter, this craving after wonders often becomes superstition; but the other extreme is the rock on which too many educated minds are shipwrecked.

Just as idolatry led the Israelites to make to themselves a visible God to worship, so the ever-longing desire for proof—for something convincing to the reason or senses, and the distrust of what is beyond the grasp of human faculties—now too often leads to infidelity.

It is the want of simple faith and trust in the soul that works this terrible evil, and it is the same want of firm trust in the Almighty that acts on the untaught and ignorant.

Their higher faculties having never been aroused, their natural awe of the unseen turns to abject fear, and flying from God's help, they throw themselves blindly into the hands of wicked and designing persons, who, to work out their own ends, dare to assume powers that belong to Him alone.

The desire for guidance, which is planted

in our hearts for our good, becomes a snare when we seek a guide for ourselves.

To make God and His law the first, and ever to watch for His invisible hand working through the visible, to keep His Presence ever in our minds, is the only guard from creature-worship in any form, the only hope which will never fail us in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment. "From the crafts and assaults of the devil, good Lord, deliver us."

CHAPTER XVI

HOME, SWEET HOME

'There was once a darning-needle who imagined herself so fine, that she thought she must be a sewing-needle."—HANS ANDERSEN.

I DO not know if, when this story began, Kate was useful enough to be likened to the darning-needle in the fairy tale, but certain it is that in those days she had imagined herself something greater and grander than she was, and then, when the day of trial came upon her, she found herself unarmed for the battle, and so turned and fled like a cowardly soldier, who runs from his post at the first signal of danger. Her great failure had, however, done her more good than a hundred little mistakes would have done.

It swept away her grand notions of her own heroism, and from being full of self-esteem, she became humbled in her own eyes, and

only desired to be able to make amends for her selfish conduct.

Miss Elwyn had not spoken to her much on the subject, as she saw that, in a disposition like Kate's, deeds and not words should be the course to be adopted; but she was much interested in her, and loved to watch how the good in her character was growing and spreading itself, and its influence was beginning to be felt on those around her.

Unconsciously, of course; for, if she had known that her life was a lesson to others, it would just have undone the peculiar good it was doing to herself.

The visit to the sea-side was prolonged till the cold autumn winds rendered boating impossible, and the fireside more comfortable than the beach. Then, and not till then, did her father insist on their return to London, and when the move was made, and they got back to their home in all the noise and bustle of London streets, Kate first saw how unselfish her father had been to spare them so long. That home must have been a very lonely one for him in all these months, but he had never allowed them to see how dismal he

was without them; and not till Kate saw him bending over Lucy's couch with tears of joy in his eyes, and heard him thank her for the care she had taken of "the little one," did she realise all the love and tenderness that was in her father's heart for his motherless children.

It was a great change after their long holiday by the sea, but home was home after all, and Kate felt now as if there was an opportunity for her to begin a new life, and to show that her newly formed resolutions of usefulness were more real than her old dreams of romance and heroism.

She had trodden the thorns bravely under foot, and now the roses were springing up to greet her on her onward course.

The visit to Beachport had done wonders for Lucy. She could not walk at all when they went back to London, but she bore the journey much better, and the pain in her back was much less than it had been when she left the Manor Farm, and the London doctors gave hopes that in time she would be able to move about on crutches.

Two years had passed away since the summer which had been such a memorable

one, when Miss Elwyn, being in London, went to pay a visit to her young friends.

It was late in the afternoon when she arrived, and as she reached the door-step, Kate joined her, having just returned from the short afternoon service in a church near at hand. Kate had grown very much since Miss Elwyn saw her last, and had a sweet, contented expression of countenance, very different from her former cold and haughty look.

Kate led the way upstairs to the room in which Lucy was sitting, and from the stairs they could hear her merry voice and ringing laugh as blythe and joyous as ever.

"Who is with Lucy?" said Miss Elwyn, before she entered the room.

"A very old friend," said Kate, "I wonder if you will remember him." So saying, she opened the door, and stepped aside to allow her visitor to enter.

Lucy was sitting in a low chair, with her work in her hands, while standing near her was a tall figure in a policeman's dress. He had his back to the door, but turned round as he heard it open, and Miss Elwyn immediately recognised Martin Bourke. His mother

was still living in London, so in order to be near her Martin had joined the police, and in his leisure hours he was constantly to be found by the side of the little cripple girl.

Lucy was still very small and child-like, but she had gained in expression what she had lost in rosy beauty. Loved and petted as she was by every one, little Lucy had her secret cross to bear as well as others.

No one knew how heavy it was, for she always exerted herself to be cheerful and bright when her father or sister was in the room; but at times the thought of her inability to help them, or to return all their untiring labour for her, made her very sad indeed.

But He who gave her the cross was giving her the strength to bear it, and she was becoming day by day more cheerful and resigned.

As Miss Elwyn watched Kate moving gently about with sweet, housewifely dignity, and care for others, she thought of the day when she had sat with her in the deep shady porch, and felt that the pure gold in the young girl's character having been tried in the fire, was purged from its dross.

It was in the daily round of duty that Kate's golden deeds were to be done. Patient endurance and self-denial are as much wanted in home life as ever they were in the battle-field.

It must not be supposed that Kate had become suddenly the useful, gentle daughter to her father, the unselfish nurse to her sister. People do not change at once from selfish, dreamy lives, to be useful members of society. Her great trial two years ago had taught her humility, and with that had come the wish to enter the right path. But there were numerous snares about her feet, and it was hard for her (as it is hard for us all) to *go on* well.

The daily fight against sin becomes wearisome, the up-hill path narrow and stony, and we all are tempted soon to be weary in well-doing. But there must be no idling, no resting on the way. *Persevere* must be the watch-word of the Christian soldier, and Kate was now able to understand what it was that in her baptism she had promised to do.

She had promised to fight under Christ's banner against sin, the world, and the devil,

and to continue Christ's faithful soldier and servant to her life's end, and she knew now that to fight under His banner meant to struggle on in her own post where the great Captain had placed her, and not to neglect the work lying nearest to her, in longing for a post for which she was not fitted.

Whatever our lot, it is plainly God's will that our daily life should be a religious life, and in that daily life our religion must dwell and show itself, not by words but by deeds, or there is no truth in it.

Miss Elwyn brought plenty of kind messages from the Manor Farm, and was able to tell the girls a great deal of news about their old friends in the village.

Farmer Baker and his wife were as well and hearty as ever.

Tom and Harry helped their father on the farm, and Alfred was at school, studying for a clerkship in a merchant's office. He never mounted the church tower again, Mr Elwyn having explained to him that it was too sacred a place for such exploits.

The church has been restored, and there is now no fear of another fall of masonry. John

Carter has quite got over his dread of the *sperrits*, and Mr Elwyn reckons him and his wife amongst his most satisfactory parishioners.

Granny Davies has been taken to her rest, and her sailor son, finding his home very lonely without her sweet face, has taken to himself a wife, and has given up going to sea, except for short voyages.

Lucy has quite a collection of shells, which he has brought from "foreign parts," and sometimes she sits holding one to her ear, and the sound of the sea she hears within it takes her back to Beachport and her old life there.

THE END.

Sanson & Co., Printers, Edinburgh.

November, 1869.

New Works

IN COURSE OF PUBLICATION

BY

MESSRS. RIVINGTON,

WATERLOO PLACE, LONDON;

HIGH STREET, OXFORD; TRINITY STREET, CAMBRIDGE.

The Origin and Development of Religious Belief.

By **S. Baring-Gould**, M.A., Author of "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages."

Part I. Heathenism and Mosaism.

8vo. 15*s.*

Brighstone Sermons.

Preached in the Parish Church of Brighstone, Isle of Wight.

By **George Moberly**, D.C.L., Bishop of Salisbury.

Crown 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

The First Book of Common Prayer

of Edward VI. and the Ordinal of 1549; together with the Order of the Communion, 1548.

Reprinted entire, and Edited by the Rev. **Henry Baskerville Walton**, M.A., late Fellow and Tutor of Merton College. With Introduction by the Rev. **Peter Goldsmith Medd**, M.A., Senior Fellow and Tutor of University College, Oxford.

Small 8vo. 6*s.*

A Manual for the Sick; with other

Devotions.

By **Lancelot Andrewes**, D.D., sometime Lord Bishop of Winchester.

Edited with a Preface by **H. P. Liddon**, M.A.

Large type. With Portrait. 24mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

The Witness of St. Paul to Christ;

being the Boyle Lectures for 1869. With an Appendix, on the Credibility of the Acts, in Reply to the Recent Strictures of Dr. Davidson.

By the Rev. **Stanley Leathes**, M.A., Professor of Hebrew, King's College, London, and Preacher-Assistant, St. James's, Piccadilly.

8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Pursuit of Holiness:

a Sequel to "Thoughts on Personal Religion," intended to carry the Reader somewhat farther onward in the Spiritual Life.

By **Edward Meyrick Goulburn**, D.D., Dean of Norwich, and formerly one of Her Majesty's Chaplains in Ordinary.

Small 8vo. 5*s.*

Apostolical Succession in the Church

of England.

By the Rev. **Arthur W. Haddan**, B.D., Rector of Barton-on-the-Heath, and late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford.

8vo. 12*s.*

The Priest to the Altar; or, Aids to the Devout Celebration of Holy Communion; chiefly after the Ancient Use of Sarum.

Second Edition. Enlarged, Revised, and Re-arranged with the Secretæ, Post-Communion, &c., appended to the Collects, Epistles, and Gospels, throughout the Year.

8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Walter Kerr Hamilton: Bishop of Salisbury. A Sketch, Reprinted, with Additions and Corrections, from "The Guardian."

By **H. P. Liddon**, M.A., Student of Christ Church.

8vo, limp cloth, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Or bound with the Sermon "Life in Death," 3*s.* 6*d.*

Newman's (J. H.) Parochial and Plain Sermons.

Edited by the Rev. **W. J. Copeland**, Rector of Farnham, Essex. From the Text of the last Editions published by Messrs. Rivington.

Complete in 8 Vols. Crown 8vo. 5*s.* each.

Newman's (J. H.) Sermons bearing upon Subjects of the Day.

Edited by the Rev. **W. J. Copeland**, Rector of Farnham, Essex. From the Text of the last Edition published by Messrs. Rivington.

In One Volume. Crown 8vo. Printed uniformly with the "Parochial and Plain Sermons." 5*s.* (*Nearly ready.*)

The Pope and the Council.

By **Janus.** Authorized Translation from the German.

Crown 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Sermons on the Characters of the Old Testament.

By the Rev. **Isaac Williams**, B.D., late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford.

New Edition. Crown 8vo. 5*s.*

Female Characters of Holy Scripture. In a Series of Sermons.

By the Rev. **Isaac Williams**, B.D., late of Trinity College, Oxford.

New Edition. Crown 8vo. 5*s.*

The Divinity of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; being the Bampton Lectures for 1866.

By **Henry Parry Liddon**, M.A., Student of Christ Church, and Chaplain to the Bishop of Salisbury.

Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo. 5*s.*

Sermons preached before the University of Oxford.

By **Henry Parry Liddon**, M.A., Student of Christ Church, and Chaplain to the Bishop of Salisbury.

Third Edition, revised. Crown 8vo. 5*s.*

The Life of Madame Louise de France, Daughter of Louis XV., also known as the Mother Térèse de S. Augustin. By the Author of "Tales of Kirkbeck."

Crown 8vo. 6*s.*

A Key to the Knowledge and Use of the Book of Common Prayer.
By **John Henry Blunt**, M.A.
Small 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

A Key to the Knowledge and Use of the Holy Bible.
By **John Henry Blunt**, M.A.
Small 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

A Key to the Knowledge of Church History. (Ancient.)
Edited by **John Henry Blunt**, M.A.
Small 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

A Key to the Narrative of the Four Gospels.
By **John Pilkington Norris**, M.A., Canon of Bristol, formerly one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools.
Small 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

The Reformation of the Church of England; its History, Principles, and Results. A.D. 1514—1547.
By **John Henry Blunt**, M.A., Vicar of Kennington, Oxford, Editor of "The Annotated Book of Common Prayer," Author of "Directorium Pastorale," &c., &c.
8vo. 16*s.*

The Mysteries of Mount Calvary.

By **Antonio de Guevara.**

Forming the Lent Volume of the "Ascetic Library," a Series of Translations of Spiritual Works for Devotional Reading from Catholic Sources. Edited by the Rev. **Orby Shipley,** M.A.

Square Crown 8vo. *3s. 6d.*

Preparation for Death.

Translated from the Italian of Alfonso, Bishop of S. Agatha. Forming the Advent Volume of the "Ascetic Library," a Series of Translations of Spiritual Works for Devotional Reading from Catholic Sources. Edited by the Rev. **Orby Shipley,** M.A.

Square Crown 8vo. *5s.*

Counsels on Holiness of Life.

Translated from the Spanish of "The Sinner's Guide" by **Luis de Granada.** Forming a volume of the "Ascetic Library," a Series of Translations of Spiritual Works for Devotional Reading from Catholic Sources. Edited by the Rev. **Orby Shipley,** M.A.

Square Crown 8vo. *5s.*

Examination of Conscience upon Special

Subjects. Translated and abridged from the French of **Tronson.** Forming a volume of the "Ascetic Library," a Series of Translations of Spiritual Works for Devotional Reading from Catholic Sources. Edited by the Rev. **Orby Shipley,** M.A.

Square Crown 8vo. *5s.* (*Nearly ready.*)

The Manor Farm: a Tale.

By the Author of "The Hillford Confirmation."

Small 8vo. With Illustrations. *3s. 6d.*

The Virgin's Lamp:

Prayers and Devout Exercises for English Sisters, chiefly composed and selected by the late Rev. **J. M. Neale**, D.D., Founder of St. Margaret's, East Grinstead.

Small 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Catechetical Notes and Class Questions,

Literal and Mystical; chiefly on the Earlier Books of Holy Scripture.

By the late Rev. **J. M. Neale**, D.D., Warden of Sackville College, East Grinstead.

Crown 8vo. 5*s.*

Sermons for Children; being Thirty-

three short Readings, addressed to the Children of S. Margaret's Home, East Grinstead.

By the late Rev. **J. M. Neale**, D.D., Warden of Sackville College.

Second Edition. Small 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Sketches of the Rites and Customs of

the Greco-Russian Church.

By **H. C. Romanoff.** With an Introductory Notice by the Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe."

Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Treasury of Devotion: a Manual

of Prayers for general and daily use.

Compiled by a Priest. Edited by the Rev. **T. T. Carter**, Rector of Clewer.

16mo, limp cloth, 2*s.*; cloth, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Bound with the Book of Common Prayer. Cloth. 3*s.* 6*d.*

The Witness of the Old Testament to

Christ. The Boyle Lectures for the Year 1868.

By the Rev. **Stanley Leathes**, M.A., Preacher at St. James's, Westminster, and Professor of Hebrew in King's College, London.

8vo. 9*s.*

Liber Precum Publicarum Ecclesiæ

Anglicanæ.

A **Gulielmo Bright**, A.M., et **Petro Goldsmith Medd**, A.M., Presbyteris, Collegii Universitatis in Acad. Oxon. Sociis, Latine redditus.

In an elegant pocket volume, with all the Rubrics in red.

New Edition. Small 8vo. 6*s.*

Bible Readings for Family Prayer.

By the Rev. **W. H. Ridley**, M.A., Rector of Hambleden.

Old Testament—Genesis and Exodus.

New Testament { St. Luke and St. John. / St. Matthew and St. Mark.

Crown 8vo. 2*s.* each.

The Story of the Gospels.

In a single Narrative, combined from the Four Evangelists, showing in a new translation their unity. To which is added a like continuous Narrative in the Original Greek.

By the Rev. **William Pound**, M.A., late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, Principal of Appuldurcombe School, Isle of Wight.

In 2 Vols. 8vo. 36*s.*

Devotional Commentary on the Gospel

according to S. Matthew.

Translated from the French of **Pasquier Quesnel.**

Crown 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Sermons on Doctrines. For the Middle

Classes. By the Rev. **George Wray**, M.A., Prebendary of York, and Rector of Leven, near Beverley.

Small 8vo. 5*s.* 6*d.*

Eirenicon, Part II. A Letter to the

Very Rev. J. H. Newman, D.D., in Explanation chiefly in regard to the Reverential Love due to the ever-blessed Theotokos, and the Doctrine of her Immaculate Conception; with an Analysis of Card. de Turrecremata's Work on the Immaculate Conception.

By the Rev. **E. B. Pusey**, D.D., Regius Professor of Hebrew, and Canon of Christ Church.

8vo. *7s. 6d.*

The Sufferings of Jesus.

Composed by Fra Thomé de Jesu, of the Order of Hermits of S. Augustine, a Captive of Barbary, in the Fiftieth year of his Banishment from Heaven. Translated from the original Portuguese.

Part I. Our Lord's Sufferings, from the hour of His Conception to the night of His Betrayal.

Part II. Our Lord's Sufferings, from the Agony in the Garden to His Death.

Edited by the Rev. **E. B. Pusey**, D.D.

Two Volumes, small 8vo. *7s.*

Daniel the Prophet: Nine Lectures

delivered in the Divinity School of the University of Oxford. With copious Notes.

By the Rev. **E. B. Pusey**, D.D., Regius Professor of Hebrew, and Canon of Christ Church.

Second Edition. 8vo. *10s. 6d.*

Eleven Addresses during a Retreat of

the Companions of the Love of Jesus, engaged in Perpetual Intercession for the Conversion of Sinners.

By the Rev. **E. B. Pusey**, D.D., Regius Professor of Hebrew, and Canon of Christ Church.

8vo. *3s. 6d.*

Spiritual Life.

By **John James**, D.D., late Canon of Peterborough, Author of a "Comment on the Collects of the Church of England," &c.

12mo. 5*s*.

Professor Inman's Nautical Tables,

for the use of British Seamen. *New Edition*, by the Rev. **J. W. Inman**, late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and Head Master of Chudleigh Grammar School. Revised, and enlarged by the introduction of Tables of ½ log. haversines, log. differences, &c.; with a more compendious method of Working a Lunar, and a Catalogue of Latitudes and Longitudes of Places on the Seaboard.

Royal 8vo. 16*s*.

The Doctrine of the Church of England,

as stated in Ecclesiastical Documents set forth by Authority of Church and State, in the Reformation Period between 1536 and 1662. Edited by the Rev. **John Henry Blunt**, M.A.

8vo. 7*s*. 6*d*.

Annals of the Bodleian Library, Oxford,

from its Foundation to A.D. 1867; containing an Account of the various collections of printed books and MSS. there preserved; with a brief Preliminary Sketch of the earlier Library of the University.

By **W. D. Macray**, M.A., Assistant in the Library, Chaplain of Magdalen and New Colleges.

8vo. 12*s*.

England versus Rome: a Brief Hand-

book of the Roman Catholic Controversy, for the use of Members of the English Church.

By **Henry Barclay Swete**, M.A., Fellow of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge.

16mo. 2*s*. 6*d*.

Thomas à Kempis, Of the Imitation of

Christ.

A carefully revised translation, elegantly printed with red borders.
16mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

Also a cheap Edition, without the red borders, 1*s.*, *or in Cover,* 6*d.*

The Rule and Exercises of Holy Living.

By **Jeremy Taylor,** D.D., Bishop of Down, and Connor, and Dromore.

A New Edition, elegantly printed with red borders.
16mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

Also a cheap Edition, without the red borders, 1*s.*

The Rule and Exercises of Holy Dying.

By **Jeremy Taylor,** D.D., Bishop of Down, and Connor, and Dromore.

A New Edition, elegantly printed with red borders.
16mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

Also a cheap Edition, without the red borders, 1*s.*

*** The Holy Living and Holy Dying may be had bound together in One Volume. 5*s.*, or without the red borders, 2*s.* 6*d.*

A Short and Plain Instruction for the

better Understanding of the Lord's Supper; to which is annexed, the Office of the Holy Communion, with proper Helps and Directions.

By **Thomas Wilson,** D.D., late Lord Bishop of Sodor and Man.

New and complete Edition, elegantly printed in large type, with rubrics and borders in red. 16mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

Also a cheap Edition, without the red borders, 1*s.*, *or in Cover,* 6*d.*

Introduction to the Devout Life.

From the French of Saint Francis of Sales, Bishop and Prince of Geneva.

A New Translation, elegantly printed with red borders.
16mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

History of the College of St. John the Evangelist, Cambridge.

By **Thomas Baker**, B.D., Ejected Fellow.

Edited for the Syndics of the University Press, by **John E. B. Mayor**, M.A., Fellow of St. John's College.

2 Vols. 8vo. 24*s.*

The Annotated Book of Common Prayer; being an Historical, Ritual, and Theological Commentary on the Devotional System of the Church of England.

Edited by **John Henry Blunt**, M.A.

Fourth Edition. Imperial 8vo. 36*s.*

The Prayer Book Interleaved;

with Historical Illustrations and Explanatory Notes arranged parallel to the Text, by the Rev. **W. M. Campion**, B.D., Fellow and Tutor of Queens' College and Rector of St. Botolph's, and the Rev. **W. J. Beamont**, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Incumbent of St. Michael's, Cambridge. With a Preface by the **Lord Bishop of Ely**.

Fourth Edition. Small 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Flowers and Festivals; or, Directions for the Floral Decorations of Churches. With coloured Illustrations.

By **W. A. Barrett**, of S. Paul's Cathedral, late Clerk of Magdalen College, and Commoner of S. Mary Hall, Oxford.

Square Crown 8vo. 5*s.*

Light in the Heart; or, Short Meditations on Subjects which concern the Soul. Translated from the French.

Edited by the Rev. **W. J. Butler**, M.A., Vicar of Wantage.

Small 8vo. 1*s.* 6*d.*

The True Passover.

By **Thomas Parry**, D.D., Bishop of Barbados.

Small 8vo. 1*s.* 6*d.*

Sickness; its Trials and Blessings.

Fine Edition, on toned paper. Small 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Also a cheap Edition, 1*s.* 6*d.*, or in Paper Cover, 1*s.*

Help and Comfort for the Sick Poor.

By the Author of "Sickness; its Trials and Blessings."

New Edition. Small 8vo. 1*s.*

Hymns and Poems for the Sick and Suffering; in connexion with the Service for the Visitation of the Sick. Selected from various Authors.

Edited by **T. V. Fosbery**, M.A., Vicar of St. Giles's, Reading.

New and cheaper Edition. Small 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

The Dogmatic Faith: an Inquiry into the Relation subsisting between Revelation and Dogma. Being the Bampton Lectures for 1867.

By **Edward Garbett**, M.A., Incumbent of Christ Church, Surbiton.

Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 5*s.*

Dean Alford's Greek Testament.

With English Notes, intended for the Upper Forms of Schools, and for Pass-men at the Universities. Abridged by **Bradley H. Alford**, M.A., Vicar of Leavenheath, Colchester late Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge.

Crown 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Household Theology: a Handbook of

Religious Information respecting the Holy Bible, the Prayer Book, the Church, the Ministry, Divine Worship, the Creeds, &c. &c.

By **John Henry Blunt**, M.A.

Third Edition. Small 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Miscellaneous Poems.

By **Henry Francis Lyte**, M.A.

New Edition. Small 8vo. 5*s.*

Curious Myths of the Middle Ages.

By **S. Baring-Gould**, M.A., Author of "Post-Mediæval Preachers," &c. With Illustrations.

New Edition. Complete in one Volume.

Crown 8vo. 6*s.*

Soimême: a Story of a Wilful Life.

Small 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Miss Langley's Will: a Tale.

Second Edition. 2 Vols. Post 8vo. £1 1*s.*

The History of the Church of Ireland.

In Eight Sermons preached in Westminster Abbey.

By **Chr. Wordsworth**, D.D., Bishop of Lincoln, formerly Canon of Westminster and Archdeacon.

Crown 8vo. 6*s.*

The Holy Bible.

With Notes and Introductions.

By **Chr. Wordsworth**, D.D., Bishop of Lincoln, formerly Canon of Westminster, and Archdeacon.

Imperial 8vo.

	Part	£	s.	d.
Vol. I. 38*s.*	I. Genesis and Exodus. *Second Edit.*	1	1	0
	II. Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy. *Second Edition*	0	18	0
Vol. II. 21*s.*	III. Joshua, Judges, Ruth. *Second Edit.*	0	12	0
	IV. The Books of Samuel. *Second Edit.*	0	10	0
Vol. III. 21*s.*	V. The Books of Kings, Chronicles, Ezra, Nehemiah, Esther. *Second Edition*	1	1	0
Vol. IV. 34*s.*	VI. The Book of Job. *Second Edition*	0	9	0
	VII. The Book of Psalms. *Second Edit.*	0	15	0
	VIII. Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Song of Solomon	0	12	0
Vol. V.	IX. Isaiah	0	12	6
	X. Jeremiah, Lamentations, and Ezekiel	1	1	0
	XI. The Minor Prophets. (*In Preparation.*)			

Manual of Family Devotions, arranged

from the Book of Common Prayer.

By the Hon. **Augustus Duncombe**, D.D., Dean of York.

Printed in red and black.

Small 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Anglo-Saxon Witness on Four Alleged Requisites for Holy Communion—Fasting, Water, Altar Lights, and Incense.

By the Rev. **J. Baron**, M.A., Rector of Upton Scudamore, Wilts.

8vo. 5*s*.

Perranzabuloe, the Lost Church Found; or, The Church of England not a New Church, but Ancient, Apostolical, and Independent, and a Protesting Church Nine Hundred Years before the Reformation.

By the Rev. **C. T. Collins Trelawny**, M.A., formerly Rector of Timsbury, Somerset, and late Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford. With Illustrations.

New Edition. Crown 8vo. 3*s*. 6*d*.

The Sacraments and Sacramental Ordinances of the Church; being a Plain Exposition of their History, Meaning, and Effects.

By **John Henry Blunt**, M.A.

Small 8vo. 4*s*. 6*d*.

Catechesis; or, Christian Instruction preparatory to Confirmation and First Communion.

By the Rev. **Charles Wordsworth**, D.C.L., Bishop of St. Andrew's.

New and cheaper Edition. Small 8vo. 2*s*.

Village Sermons on the Baptismal Service.

By the Rev. **John Keble**, Author of "The Christian Year."

8vo. 5*s*.

Warnings of the Holy Week, &c.;
being a Course of Parochial Lectures for the Week before Easter and the Easter Festivals.
By the Rev. **W. Adams**, M.A., late Vicar of St. Peter's-in-the-East, Oxford, and Fellow of Merton College.
Sixth Edition. Small 8vo. *4s. 6d.*

A Glossary of Ecclesiastical Terms;
containing Explanations of Terms used in Architecture, Ecclesiology, Hymnology, Law, Ritualism, Theology, Heresies, and Miscellaneous Subjects.
By Various Writers. Edited by the Rev. **Orby Shipley**, M.A.
Crown 8vo. (*In the Press.*)

An Illuminated Edition of the Book of
Common Prayer, printed in Red and Black, on fine toned Paper, with Borders and Titles, designed after the manner of the 14th Century, by **R. R. Holmes**, F.S.A., and engraved by **O. Jewitt.**
Crown 8vo. White vellum cloth illuminated. *16s.*
This Edition of the PRAYER BOOK *may be had in various Bindings for Presentation.*

Yesterday, To-day, and For Ever: a
Poem in Twelve Books.
By **Edward Henry Bickersteth**, M.A., Incumbent of Christ Church, Hampstead, and Chaplain to the Bishop of Ripon.
Third Edition. Small 8vo. *6s.*

The Hillford Confirmation: a Tale.
By **M. C. Phillpotts.**
18mo. *1s.*

The Greek Testament.

With Notes and Introductions.

By **Chr. Wordsworth**, D.D., Bishop of Lincoln; formerly Canon of Westminster, and Archdeacon.

2 Vols. Impl. 8vo. *4l.*

The Parts may be had separately, as follows:—

The Gospels, *6th Edition*, 21*s.*

The Acts, *5th Edition*, 10*s.* 6*d.*

St. Paul's Epistles, *5th Edition*, 31*s.* 6*d.*

General Epistles, Revelation, and Indexes, *3rd Edition*, 21*s.*

Occasional Sermons.

By **Henry Parry Liddon**, M.A., Student of Christ Church, and Chaplain to the Bishop of Salisbury.

Crown 8vo. (*In Preparation.*)

From Morning to Evening:

a Book for Invalids.

From the French of M. L'Abbé Henri Perreyve. Translated and adapted by an Associate of the Sisterhood of S. John Baptist, Clewer.

Crown 8vo. 5*s.*

Popular Objections to the Book of

Common Prayer considered, in Four Sermons on the Sunday Lessons in Lent, the Commination Service, and the Athanasian Creed, with a Preface on the existing Lectionary.

By **Edward Meyrick Goulburn**, D.D., Dean of Norwich.

Second Edition. Small 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

Family Prayers: compiled from various

sources (chiefly from Bishop Hamilton's Manual), and arranged on the Liturgical Principle.

By **Edward Meyrick Goulburn**, D.D., Dean of Norwich.

New Edition. Crown 8vo, large type, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Cheap Edition. 16mo. 1*s.*

The Annual Register: a Review of

Public Events at Home and Abroad, for the Year 1868; being the Sixth Volume of an improved Series.

8vo. 18*s.*

*** *The Volumes for* 1863 *to* 1867 *may be had, price* 18*s. each.*

Arithmetic, Theoretical and Practical;

adapted for the use of Colleges and Schools.

By **W. H. Girdlestone**, M.A., of Christ's College, Cambridge, Principal of the Theological College, Gloucester.

New and Revised Edition. Crown 8vo. (*Just ready.*)

Egypt's Record of Time to the Exodus

of Israel, critically investigated: with a comparative Survey of the Patriarchal History and the Chronology of Scripture; resulting in the Reconciliation of the Septuagint and Hebrew Computations, and Manetho with both.

By **W. B. Galloway**, M.A., Vicar of St. Mark's, Regent's Park, and Chaplain to the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Hawarden.

8vo. 15*s.*

A Fourth Series of Parochial Sermons,

preached in a Village Church.

By the Rev. **Charles A. Heurtley**, D.D., Rector of Fenny Compton, Warwickshire, Margaret Professor of Divinity, and Canon of Christ Church, Oxford.

12mo. 5*s.* 6*d.*

Six Short Sermons on Sin. Lent Lectures

at S. Alban the Martyr, Holborn.

By the Rev. **Orby Shipley**, M.A.

Fourth Edition. Small 8vo. 1*s.*

Vox Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ: on the Church Ministry and Sacraments. A Selection of Passages from the Writings of the Chief Divines of the Church of England. With short Introductions and Notices of the Writers.

By **George G. Perry**, M.A., Prebendary of Lincoln, Rector of Waddington, Rural Dean, and Proctor for the Diocese of Lincoln.

Crown 8vo. 6*s.*

Reflections on the Revolution in France, and on the Proceedings in certain Societies in London relative to that Event. In a Letter intended to have been sent to a Gentleman in Paris, 1790.

By the Right Hon. **Edmund Burke**, M.P.

New Edition. With a short Biographical Notice.

Crown 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

A Memoir of the late Henry Hoare, Esq., M.A. With a Narrative of the Church Movements with which he was connected from 1848 to 1865.

By **James Bradby Sweet**, M.A., Stipendiary Curate of Colkirk.

8vo. (*In the Press.*)

Aids to Prayer: a Course of Lectures delivered at Holy Trinity Church, Paddington.

By **Daniel Moore**, M.A., Honorary Chaplain to the Queen, &c.

Crown 8vo. 4*s.* 6*d.*

The Perfect Man; or, Jesus an Example of Godly Life.

By the Rev. **Harry Jones**, M.A., Incumbent of St. Luke's, Berwick Street.

Crown 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

A Practical Treatise concerning Evil

Thoughts: wherein their Nature, Origin, and Effect are distinctly considered and explained, with many Useful Rules for restraining and suppressing such Thoughts: suited to the various conditions of Life, and the several Tempers of Mankind, more especially of melancholy Persons.

By **William Chilcot**, M.A.

With Preface and Notes by **Richard Hooper**, M.A., Vicar of Upton and Aston Upthorpe, Berks.

Third Edition, elegantly printed with red borders.

16mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

Sacred Allegories:

The Shadow of the Cross—The Distant Hills—The Old Man's Home—The King's Messengers.

By the Rev. **W. Adams**, M.A., late Fellow of Merton College, Oxford.

New Edition. Illustrated. Small 4to. 10*s.* 6*d.* (*Nearly ready.*)

Selections from Modern French Authors.

With English Notes and Introductory Notice.

By **Henri Van Laun**, French Master at Cheltenham College.

Part I.—Honoré de Balzac.

Crown 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

A Course of Lectures delivered to Candidates for Holy Orders

comprising a Summary of the whole System of Theology. To which is prefixed an Inaugural Address.

By **John Randolph**, D.D. (sometime Bishop of London).

Vol. I. Natural and Revealed. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Vol. II. Historical. } (*In the Press.*)
Vol. III. Doctrinal. }

In 3 Vols. 8vo.

Farewell Counsels of a Pastor to his

Flock, on the Topics of the Day. Nine Sermons preached at St. John's, Paddington.

Third Edition. Small 8vo. 4*s.*

The Greek Testament.

With a Critically revised Text; a Digest of Various Readings; Marginal References to Verbal and Idiomatic Usage; Prolegomena; and a Critical and Exegetical Commentary. For the use of Theological Students and Ministers.

By **Henry Alford**, D.D., Dean of Canterbury.

4 Vols. 8vo. 102*s.*

The Volumes are sold separately as follows:—

Vol. I.—The Four Gospels. *Sixth Edition.* 28*s.*
Vol. II.—Acts to II. Corinthians. *Fifth Edition.* 24*s.*
Vol. III.—Galatians to Philemon. *Fourth Edition.* 18*s.*
Vol. IV.—Hebrews to Revelation. *Third Edition.* 32*s.*

The New Testament for English

Readers; containing the Authorized Version, with a revised English Text; Marginal References; and a Critical and Explanatory Commentary. By **Henry Alford**, D.D., Dean of Canterbury.

Now complete in 2 Vols. or 4 Parts, price 54*s.* 6*d.*

Separately,

Vol. 1, Part I.—The three first Gospels, with a Map. *Second Edition.* 12*s.*
Vol. 1, Part II.—St. John and the Acts. *Second Edition.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
Vol. 2, Part I.—The Epistles of St. Paul, with a Map. *Second Edition.* 16*s.*
Vol. 2, Part II.—Hebrews to Revelation. 8vo. 16*s.*

The Sword and the Keys.

The Civil Power in its Relations to The Church; considered with Special Reference to the Court of Final Ecclesiastical Appeal in England. With Appendix containing all Statutes on which the Jurisdiction of that Tribunal over Spiritual Causes is Founded, and also, all Ecclesiastical Judgments delivered by it since those published by the Lord Bishop of London in 1865.

By **James Wayland Joyce**, M.A., Rector of Burford, Salop.

8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

An Attempt to determine John Wes-

ley's place in Church History, with the aid of Facts and Documents unknown to, or unnoticed by, his Biographers.

By **R. Denny-Urlin**, M.R.I.A., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law.

Small 8vo. (*In the Press.*)

Consoling Thoughts in Sickness.

Edited by **Henry Bailey**, B.D., Warden of St. Augustine's College, Canterbury.

Large type. Small 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

Thoughts on Personal Religion; being

a Treatise on the Christian Life in its Two Chief Elements, Devotion and Practice.

By **Edward Meyrick Goulburn**, D.D., Dean of Norwich.

New Edition. Small 8vo. 6*s.* 6*d.*

An Edition for Presentation, Two Volumes, small 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Also a cheap Edition. Small 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

On Miracles; being the Bampton

Lectures for 1865.

By **J. B. Mozley**, B.D., Canon of Worcester, late Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford.

Second Edition. 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Nearly ready, in imperial 8vo.

PART I. (CONTAINING A—K).

A DICTIONARY OF DOCTRINAL AND HISTORICAL THEOLOGY,

BY VARIOUS WRITERS.

EDITED BY THE

REV. JOHN HENRY BLUNT, M.A., F.S.A.,

EDITOR OF "THE ANNOTATED BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER."

THIS is the first portion of the "Summary of Theology and Ecclesiastical History," which Messrs. Rivington propose to publish in eight volumes as a "Thesaurus Theologicus" for the Clergy and Reading Laity of the Church of England.

It consists of original articles on all the important Doctrines of Theology, and on other questions necessary for their further illustration, the articles being carefully written with a view to modern thought, as well as a respect for ancient authority.

The Dictionary will be completed in two parts.

NEW PAMPHLETS

BY THE BISHOP OF ST. DAVID'S.

The Spirit of Truth the Holy Spirit: a Sermon, preached before the University of Cambridge, on Whitsunday, May 16, 1869. 8vo. 1*s.*

BY ARCHDEACON BICKERSTETH.

Christian Mourners not Hopeless Mourners: a Sermon, preached in the Parish Church of Monks' Risborough, on Sunday, June 27, 1869, on the occasion of the Death of Mrs. Evetts, wife of the Rector of that parish. 8vo. 1*s.*

The Filling of all Things by our Ascended Lord: a Sermon, preached in Westminster Abbey, on St. Matthias' Day, Feb. 24, 1869, on the occasion of the Consecration of Dr. Wordsworth, Bishop Elect of Lincoln; Dr. Hatchard, Bishop Designate of Mauritius; and Dr. Turner, Bishop Designate of Grafton and Armidale. 8vo. 1*s.*

BY THE REV. H. P. LIDDON.

Life in Death: a Sermon, preached in Salisbury Cathedral, on the 11th Sunday after Trinity, August 8, 1869, being the day after the Funeral of Walter Kerr Hamilton, D.D., Lord Bishop of Salisbury. 8vo. 1*s.*

A Sister's Work: a Sermon, preached in substance at All Saints', Margaret Street, on the Second Sunday after Trinity, 1869. 8vo. 1*s.*

Christ and Human Law: a Sermon, preached be- fore the University, the Hon. Mr. Justice Hannen, and the Hon. Mr. Justice Keating, Her Majesty's learned Judges of Assize, in the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, Oxford, on the Third Sunday in Lent, February 28, 1869. *Second Edition.* With a Note on Divorce. 8vo. 1*s.*

Christ and Education: a Sermon, preached at St. James's, Piccadilly, on the Third Sunday after Trinity, 1869. 8vo. 1*s.*

NEW PAMPHLETS

BY THE REV. R. W. BARNES.

Three Sermons, preached in Exeter Cathedral, on the 7th, 8th, and 9th Sundays after Trinity, July 11th, 18th, and 25th, 1869. 8vo. *1s. 6d.*

BY THE REV. C. N. GRAY.

Statement on Confession. With full Catena of Anglican Divines. *Third Edition.* *6d.*

BY THE REV. JAMES GERALD JOYCE.

Can the Liturgy be used to attach the People to the Church? a Paper, read before the Churchman's Association for the Rural Deaneries of Andover, Basingstoke, and Chilbolton. 8vo. *1s.*

BY THE REV. GEORGE HENRY SUMNER.

Peace, Christ's Legacy to His Church: a Sermon preached in Westminster Abbey, at the Consecration of the Rev. Ashton Oxenden, D.D., to the Metropolitan See of Montreal, on Sunday, August 1, 1869. 8vo. *1s.*

BY THE REV. G. I. PELLEW.

A Sermon, preached at St. Mary's Church, Putney, in the Defence of the Athanasian Creed, on the first Sunday after Trinity, 1869. 8vo. *6d.*

BY THE REV. W. E. JELF.

A Review of Mariolatry, Liturgical, Devotional, Doctrinal, as exhibited in the Offices, the Devotional and Dogmatic Books, at present used in the Romish Communion. By WILLIAM EDWARD JELF, B.D., sometime Censor of Christ Church, Oxford; Bampton Lecturer, and Whitehall Preacher. 8vo. *1s. 6d.*

The Reformation of the Church of England. [A.D. 1514—1547.] A Review, Reprinted by Permission from the "Times," of February 27th and March 1st, 1869. 8vo. *6d.*

CATENA CLASSICORUM,

A SERIES OF CLASSICAL AUTHORS,

EDITED BY MEMBERS OF BOTH UNIVERSITIES UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

THE REV. ARTHUR HOLMES, M.A.

FELLOW AND LECTURER OF CLARE COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, LECTURER AND LATE FELLOW OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE,

AND

THE REV. CHARLES BIGG, M.A.

LATE SENIOR STUDENT AND TUTOR OF CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD, SECOND CLASSICAL MASTER OF CHELTENHAM COLLEGE.

The following Parts have been already published:—

SOPHOCLIS TRAGOEDIAE,

Edited by R. C. JEBB, M.A. Fellow and Assistant Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge.

[Part I. The Electra. 3*s.* 6*d.* Part II. The Ajax. 3*s.* 6*d.*

JUVENALIS SATIRAE,

Edited by G. A. SIMCOX, M.A. Fellow and Classical Lecturer of Queen's College, Oxford. [Thirteen Satires. 3*s.* 6*d.*

THUCYDIDIS HISTORIA,

Edited by CHARLES BIGG, M.A. late Senior Student and Tutor of Christ Church, Oxford. Second Classical Master of Cheltenham College.

[Vol. I. Books I. and II. with Introductions. 6*s.*

DEMOSTHENIS ORATIONES PUBLICAE,

Edited by G. H. HESLOP, M.A. late Fellow and Assistant Tutor of Queen's College, Oxford. Head Master of St. Bees.

[Parts I. & II. The Olynthiacs and the Philippics. 4*s.* 6*d.*

ARISTOPHANIS COMOEDIAE,

Edited by W. C. GREEN, M.A. late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. Classical Lecturer at Queens' College.

[Part I. The Acharnians and the Knights. 4*s.*

[Part II. The Clouds. 3*s.* 6*d.*

[Part III. The Wasps. 3*s.* 6*d.*

ISOCRATIS ORATIONES,

Edited by JOHN EDWIN SANDYS, B.A. Fellow and Lecturer of St. John's College, and Lecturer at Jesus College, Cambridge.

[Part I. Ad Demonicum et Panegyricus. 4*s.* 6*d.*

A PERSII FLACCI SATIRARUM LIBER,

Edited by A. PRETOR, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, Classical Lecturer of Trinity Hall. 3*s.* 6*d.*

CATENA CLASSICORUM—Opinions of the Press.
Mr. Jebb's Sophocles.

"The Introduction proves that Mr. Jebb is something more than a mere scholar,—a man of real taste and feeling. His criticism upon Schlegel's remarks on the Electra are, we believe, new, and certainly just. As we have often had occasion to say in this Review, it is impossible to pass any reliable criticism upon school-books until they have been tested by experience. The notes, however, in this case appear to be clear and sensible, and direct attention to the points where attention is most needed."—*Westminster Review.*

"We have no hesitation in saying that in style and manner Mr. Jebb's notes are admirably suited for their purpose. The explanations of grammatical points are singularly lucid, the parallel passages generally well chosen, the translations bright and graceful, the analysis of arguments terse and luminous. Mr. Jebb has clearly shown that he possesses some of the qualities most essential for a commentator."—*Spectator.*

"If, as we are fain to believe, the editors of the *Catena Classicorum* have got together such a pick of scholars as have no need to play their best card first, there is a bright promise of success to their series in the first sample of it which has come to hand—Mr. Jebb's 'Electra.' We have seen it suggested that it is unsafe to pronounce on the merits of a Greek Play edited for educational purposes until it has been tested in the hands of pupils and tutors. But our examination of the instalment of, we hope, a complete 'Sophocles,' which Mr. Jebb has put forth, has assured us that this is a needless suspension of judgment, and prompted us to commit the justifiable rashness of pronouncing upon its contents, and of asserting after due perusal that it is calculated to be admirably serviceable to every class of scholars and learners. And this assertion is based upon the fact that it is a by no means one-sided edition, and that it looks as with the hundred eyes of Argus, here, there, and every where, to keep the reader from straying. In a concise and succinct style of English annotation, forming the best substitute for the time-honoured Latin notes which had so much to do with making good scholars in days of yore, Mr. Jebb keeps a steady eye for all questions of grammar, construction, scholarship, and philology, and handles these as they arise with a helpful and sufficient precision. In matters of grammar and syntax his practice for the most part is to refer his reader to the proper section of Madvig's 'Manual of Greek Syntax:' nor does he ever waste space and time in explaining a construction, unless it be such an one as is not satisfactorily dealt with in the grammars of Madvig or Jelf. Experience as a pupil and a teacher has probably taught him the value of the wholesome task of hunting out a grammar reference for oneself, instead of finding it, handy for slurring over, amidst the hundred and one pieces of information in a voluminous foot-note. But whenever there occurs any peculiarity of construction, which is hard to reconcile to the accepted usage, it is Mr. Jebb's general practice to be ready at hand with manful assistance."—*Contemporary Review.*

"Mr. Jebb has produced a work which will be read with interest and profit by the most advanced scholar, as it contains, in a compact form, not only a careful summary of the labours of preceding editors, but also many acute and ingenious original remarks. We do not know whether the matter or the manner of this excellent commentary is deserving of the higher praise: the skill with which Mr. Jebb has avoided, on the one hand, the wearisome prolixity of the Germans, and on the other the jejune brevity of the Porsonian critics, or the versatility which has enabled him in turn to elucidate the plots, to explain the verbal difficulties, and to illustrate the idioms of his author. All this, by a studious economy of space and a remarkable precision of expression, he has done for the 'Ajax' in a volume of some 200 pages."—*Athenæum.*

CATENA CLASSICORUM—Opinions of the Press.

Mr. Simcox's Juvenal.

"Of Mr. Simcox's 'Juvenal' we can only speak in terms of the highest commendation, as a simple, unpretending work, admirably adapted to the wants of the school-boy or of a college passman. It is clear, concise, and scrupulously honest in shirking no real difficulty. The pointed epigrammatic hits of the satirist are every where well brought out, and the notes really are what they profess to be, explanatory in the best sense of the term."—*London Review.*

"This is a link in the *Catena Classicorum* to which the attention of our readers has been more than once directed as a good Series of Classical works for School and College purposes. The Introduction is a very comprehensive and able account of Juvenal, his satires, and the manuscripts."—*Athenæum.*

"This is a very original and enjoyable Edition of one of our favourite classics."—*Spectator.*

"Every class of readers—those who use Mr. Simcox as their sole interpreter, and those who supplement larger editions by his concise matter—will alike find interest and careful research in his able Preface. This indeed we should call the great feature of his book. The three facts which sum up Juvenal's history so far as we know it are soon despatched; but the internal evidence both as to the dates of his writing and publishing his Satires, and as to his character as a writer, occupy some fifteen or twenty pages, which will repay methodical study."—*Churchman.*

Mr. Bigg's Thucydides.

"Mr. Bigg in his 'Thucydides' prefixes an analysis to each book, and an admirable introduction to the whole work, containing full information as to all that is known or related of Thucydides, and the date at which he wrote, followed by a very masterly critique on some of his characteristics as a writer."—*Athenæum.*

"While disclaiming absolute originality in his book, Mr. Bigg has so thoroughly digested the works of so many eminent predecessors in the same field, and is evidently on terms of such intimacy with his author as perforce to inspire confidence. A well-pondered and well-written introduction has formed a part of each link in the 'Catena' hitherto published, and Mr. Bigg, in addition to a general introduction, has given us an essay on 'Some Characteristics of Thucydides,' which no one can read without being impressed with the learning and judgment brought to bear on the subject."—*Standard.*

"We need hardly say that these books are carefully edited; the reputation of the editor is an assurance on this point. If the rest of the history is edited with equal care, it must become the standard book for school and college purposes."—*John Bull.*

"Mr. Bigg first discusses the facts of the life of Thucydides, then passes to an examination into the date at which Thucydides wrote; and in the third section expatiates on some characteristics of Thucydides. These essays are remarkably well written, are judicious in their opinions, and are calculated to give the student much insight into the work of Thucydides, and its relation to his own times, and to the works of subsequent historians."—*Museum.*

CATENA CLASSICORUM—Opinions of the Press.

Mr. Heslop's Demosthenes.

"The usual introduction has in this case been dispensed with. The reader is referred to the works of Grote and Thirlwall for information on such points of history as arise out of these famous orations, and on points of critical scholarship to 'Madvig's Grammar,' where that is available, while copious acknowledgments are made to those commentators on whose works Mr. Heslop has based his own. Mr. Heslop's editions are, however, no mere compilations. That the points required in an oratorical style differ materially from those in an historical style, will scarcely be questioned, and accordingly we find that Mr. Heslop has given special care to those characteristics of style as well as of language, which constitute Demosthenes the very first of classic orators."—*Standard.*

"We must call attention to New Editions of various classics, in the excellent *Catena Classicorum* series. The reputation and high standing of the editors are the best guarantees for the accuracy and scholarship of the notes."—*Westminster Review.*

"The notes are thoroughly good, so far as they go. Mr. Heslop has carefully digested the best foreign commentaries, and his notes are for the most part judicious extracts from them."—*Museum.*

"The annotations are scarcely less to be commended for the exclusion of superfluous matter than for the excellence of what is supplied. Well-known works are not quoted, but simply referred to, and information which ought to have been previously acquired is omitted."—*Athenæum.*

Mr. Sandy's Isocrates.

"Isocrates has not received the attention to which the simplicity of his style and the purity of his Attic language entitle him as a means of education. Now that we have so admirable an edition of two of his Works best adapted for such a purpose, there will no longer be any excuse for this neglect. For carefulness and thoroughness of editing, it will bear comparison with the best, whether English or foreign. Besides an ample supply of exhaustive notes of rare excellence, we find in it valuable remarks on the style of Isocrates and the state of the text, a table of various readings, a list of editions, and a special introduction to each piece. As in other editions of this series, short summaries of the argument are inserted in suitable places, and will be found of great service to the student. The commentary embraces explanations of difficult passages, with instructive remarks on grammatical usages, and the derivation and meanings of words illustrated by quotations and references."—*Athenæum.*

"This Work deserves the warmest welcome for several reasons. In the first place, it is an attempt to introduce Isocrates into our schools, and this attempt deserves encouragement. The *Ad Demonicum* is very easy Greek. It is good Greek And it is reading of a healthy nature for boys. The practical wisdom of the Greeks is in many respects fitted to the capacities of boys; and if books containing this wisdom are read in schools, along with others of a historical and poetical nature, they will be felt to be far from dry. Then the Editor has done every thing that an editor should do. We have a series of short introductory essays; on the style of Isocrates, on the text, on the *Ad Demonicum*, and on the *Panegyricus*. These are characterized by sound sense, wide and thorough learning, and the capability of presenting thoughts clearly and well."—*Museum.*

"By editing Isocrates Mr. Sandys does good service to students and teachers of Greek Prose He places in our hands in a convenient form an author who will be found of great use in public schools, where he has been hitherto almost unknown. . . . Mr. Sandys worthily sustains as a commentator the name which he has already won. The historical notes are good, clear, and concise; the grammatical notes scholar-like and practically useful. Many will be welcome alike to master and pupil."—*Cambridge University Gazette.*

CATENA CLASSICORUM—Opinions of the Press.

Mr. Green's Aristophanes.

"Mr. Green has discharged his part of the work with uncommon skill and ability. The notes show a thorough study of the two Plays, an independent judgment in the interpretation of the poet, and a wealth of illustration, from which the Editor draws whenever it is necessary."—*Museum.*

"Mr. Green's admirable Introduction to 'The Clouds' of the celebrated comic poet deserves a careful perusal, as it contains an accurate analysis and many original comments on this remarkable play. The text is prefaced by a table of readings of Dindorf and Meineke, which will be of great service to students who wish to indulge in verbal criticism. The notes are copious and lucid, and the volume will be found useful for school and college purposes, and admirably adapted for private reading."—*Examiner.*

"Mr. Green furnishes an excellent Introduction to 'The Clouds' of Aristophanes, explaining the circumstances under which it was produced, and ably discussing the probable object of the author in writing it, which he considers to have been to put down the Sophists, a class whom Aristophanes thought dangerous to the morals of the community, and therefore caricatured in the person of Socrates,—not unnaturally, though irreverently, choosing him as their representative."—*Athenæum.*

Mr. Pretor's Persius.

"This is one of the ablest editions published in the *Catena Classicorum* under the superintendence of Mr. Holmes and Mr. Bigg. Mr Pretor has adopted in his edition a plan which he defends on a general principle, but which has really its true defence in the special peculiarities of his author. Mr. Pretor has given his readers translations of almost all the difficult passages. We think he has done so wisely in this case; for the allusions and constructions are so obscure that help is absolutely necessary. He has also been particularly full in his notes. He has thought and written with great independence. He has used every means to get at the meaning of his author. He has gone to many sources for illustration. And altogether he has produced what we may fairly regard as the best edition of Persius in English."—*Museum.*

"In undertaking to edit for the *Catena Classicorum* an author so obscure as Persius confessedly is, Mr. Pretor has boldly grappled with a most difficult task. He has, however, performed it very well, because he has begun, as his Introduction shows, by making himself thoroughly acquainted with the mind and temper—a sufficiently cynical one—of the poet, and thus laying a good basis for his judgment on the conflicting opinions and varying interpretations of previous editors. The bulk of his commentary is from Jahn; and if we were disposed to object, we should say that some portion of the matter he has transferred to his pages might as well have been omitted. To explain Persius satisfactorily, i. e. to make him really intelligible, it is necessary rather to keep before the reader the thread of the story, and to point out the less obvious, because purposely obscured, allusions and the sudden changes of the characters in the dialogues, than to dwell too much on the explanation of the words. If the satires of Persius are difficult, they are also very short; and the more a commentary can be kept within reasonable limits, the more willing students will try to master the matter. All that can be required by the student of Persius, including an elaborate introduction, a preliminary exposition of each satire, and a very copious index verborum, is now compressed in a volume of less than 150 pages. It is a most useful book, and will be welcome in proportion as such an edition was really very much wanted. The good sense and sound judgment shown by the editor on controverted points give promise of excellent literary work in future undertakings of the like kind."—*Cambridge University Gazette.*

CATENA CLASSICORUM.

The following Parts are in course of preparation:—

PLATONIS PHAEDO,

Edited by ALFRED BARRY, D.D. late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; Principal of King's College, London.

DEMOSTHENIS ORATIONES PUBLICAE,

Edited by G. H. HESLOP, M.A. late Fellow and Assistant Tutor of Queen's College, Oxford; Head Master of St. Bees.

[Part III. De Falsâ Legatione.

MARTIALIS EPIGRAMMATA,

Edited by GEORGE BUTLER, M.A. Principal of Liverpool College; late Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford.

DEMOSTHENIS ORATIONES PRIVATAE,

Edited by ARTHUR HOLMES, M.A. Fellow and Lecturer of Clare College, Cambridge. [Part I. De Coronâ.

HOMERI ILIAS,

Edited by S. H. REYNOLDS, M.A. Fellow and Tutor of Brasenose College, Oxford. [Vol. I. Books I. to XII.

HORATI OPERA,

Edited by J. M. MARSHALL, M.A. Fellow and late Lecturer of Brasenose College, Oxford; one of the Masters in Clifton College.

TERENTI COMOEDIAE,

Edited by T. L. PAPILLON, M.A. Fellow and Classical Lecturer of Merton College, Oxford. [Part I. Andria et Eunuchus.

HERODOTI HISTORIA,

Edited by H. G. WOODS, M.A. Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Oxford.

TACITI HISTORIAE,

Edited by W. H. SIMCOX, M.A. Fellow and Lecturer of Queen's College, Oxford.

OVIDI TRISTIA,

Edited by OSCAR BROWNING, M.A. Fellow of King's College, Cambridge; and Assistant Master at Eton College.

CICERONIS ORATIONES,

Edited by CHARLES EDWARD GRAVES, M.A. Classical Lecturer and late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge.

[Part I. Pro P. Sextio.

THEOPHRASTI CHARACTERES,

Edited by A. PRETOR, M.A. of Trinity College, Cambridge; Classical Lecturer of Trinity Hall.